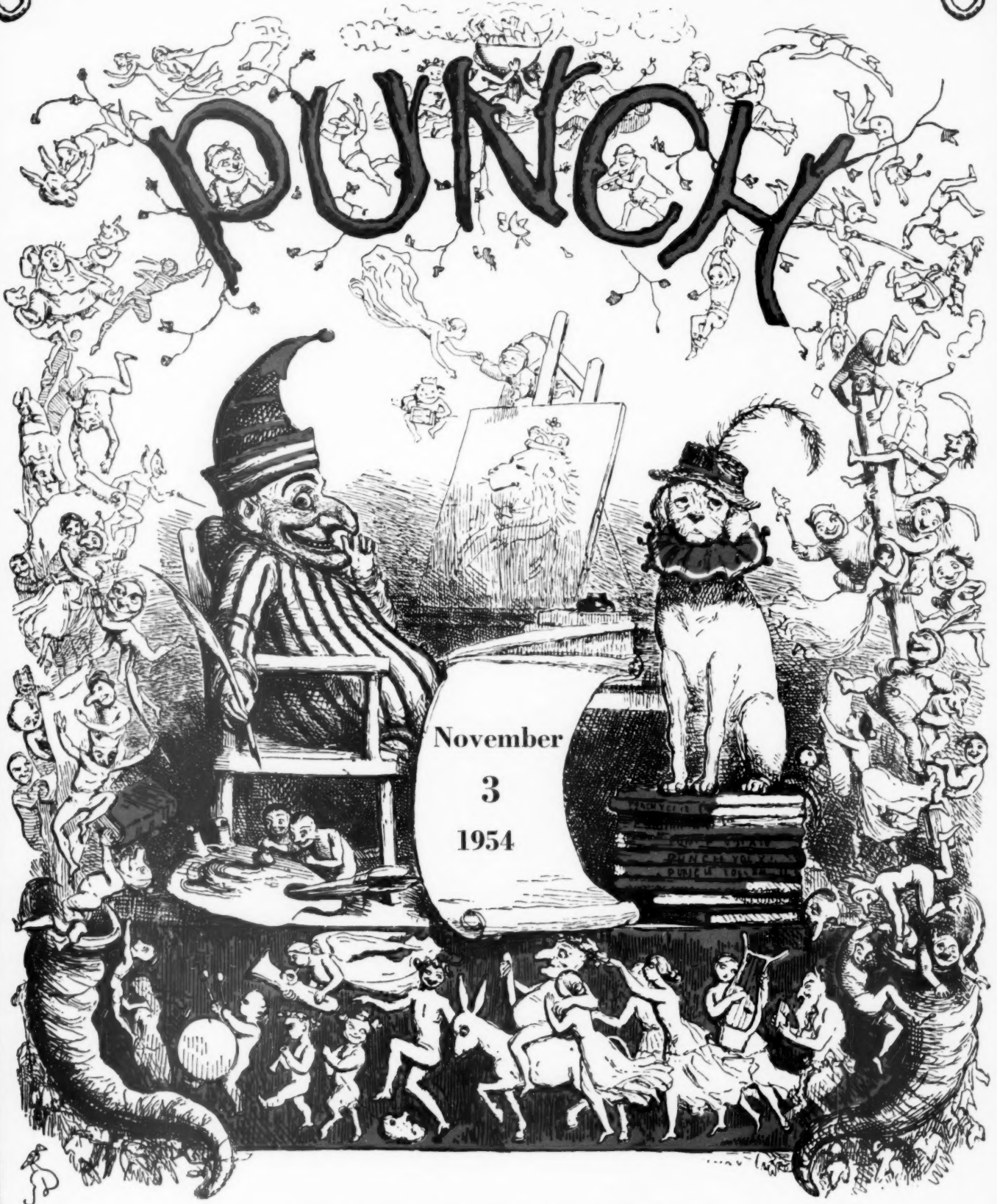


6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—November 3 1954

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4



A unique, picturesque clock projecting over the roadway at Abinger Hammer. The figure of the Smith strikes the hour with his hammer and is a reminder of the Iron Industry that once flourished here.

This beautiful example of the art of the clockmaker and the superb carving of the woodwork, bearing the motto —“By me you know how fast to go”, shows at a glance the same hallmark of craftsmanship that car drivers find in the perfect precision and dependability of Lockheed Hydraulic Brakes.

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Choose from the finest range of watches in Britain

There are 9 watches on this page, but they are just a few of the finest and widest selection of watches available in this country today. Prices start from £10.12.6., and your jeweller will be delighted to help you in choosing that very special Christmas present. If you write to us, we will send you immediately the latest Rolex and Tudor brochure and the name and address of your nearest Rolex jeweller. If you live or are going to live abroad the Personal Export Scheme is available to you.



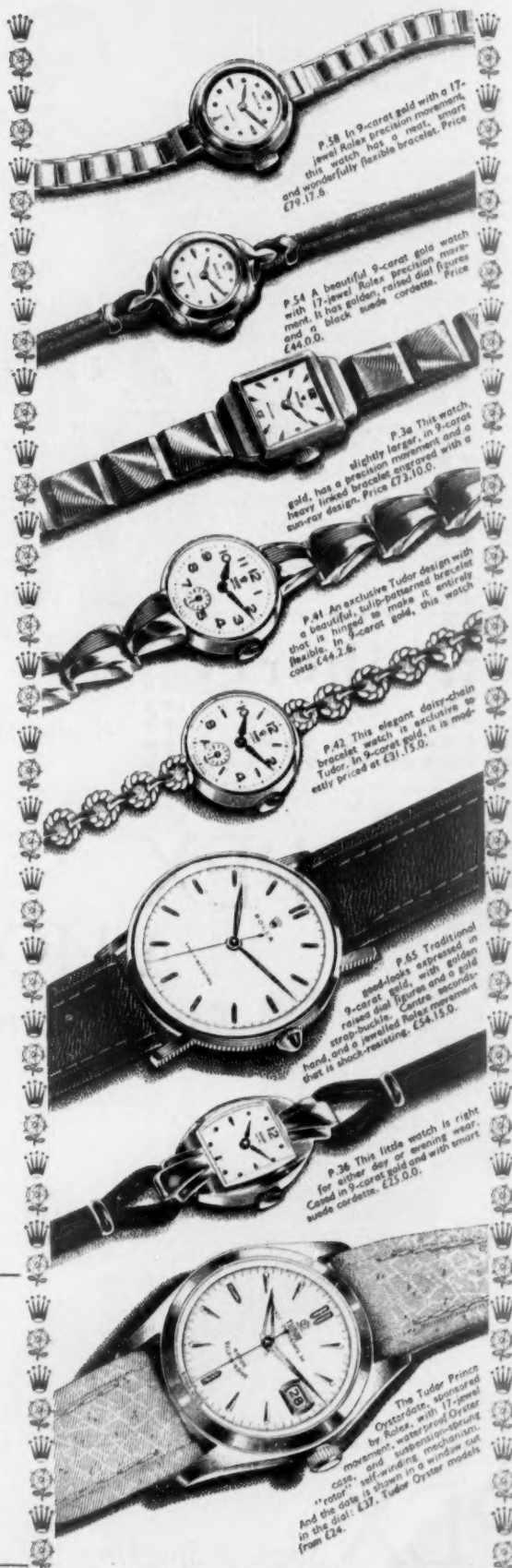
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A landmark in the history of Time measurement

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. Wilsdorf, Governing Director),
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The Rolex Oyster Perpetual, one of the world's great watches. The astonishingly accurate movement is protected from water, dirt, dust, and damp by the famous waterproof Oyster case. It is automatically self-wound by the Perpetual "rotor" mechanism. A range of models from £43.



P.58 In 9-carat gold with a 17-jewel Rolex precision movement, this watch has a most smart and wonderfully flexible bracelet. Price £79.17.6.

P.54 A beautiful 9-carat gold watch with 17-jewel Rolex precision movement. It has golden raised dial figures and a black suede cordette. Price £44.0.0.

P.38 This watch, slightly larger, in 9-carat gold, has a precision movement and a heavy linked bracelet engraved with a sun-ray design. Price £73.10.0.

P.41 An exclusive Tudor design with a beautiful, tulip-patterned bracelet that is hinged to make it entirely flexible. In 9-carat gold, this watch costs £44.2.6.

P.42 This elegant dairy-chain bracelet watch is exclusive to Tudor. In 9-carat gold, it is most easily priced at £31.15.0.

P.65 Traditional gold-links expressed in 9-carat gold, with golden raised dial figures and a gold strap-buckle. Centre movement Rolex movement. That is shock-resisting. £54.15.0.

P.36 This little watch is right for either day or evening wear. Case in 9-carat gold and with smart suede cordette. £25.0.0.

The Tudor Prince Oysterdate, signed by Rolex, with 17-jewel movement, waterproof Oyster case, self-winding mechanism, "rotor", and suspension in a window cut in the dial. £31. Tudor Oyster models from £24.

★★★★★★
★★★★★★

[illegible]

A black and white illustration of a man from the waist up, wearing a long, flowing robe with a dense, repeating pattern of stylized figures or animals. He is looking down and slightly to his left, with his hands clasped near his chest. The style is reminiscent of a woodcut or a high-contrast graphic print. The word "el" is visible in the upper left corner of the image area.

★ ★

Liberty

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of
Regent Street

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PEX

A 140

Socks for Men

In Botany wool blended with Nylon, and Nylon high-spliced heel and toe. Choice of 15 shades including mixtures—shrink resisting—good value. PEX A 140—the sock for discerning men.

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Also PEX A141 Long Sock with Lastex top.

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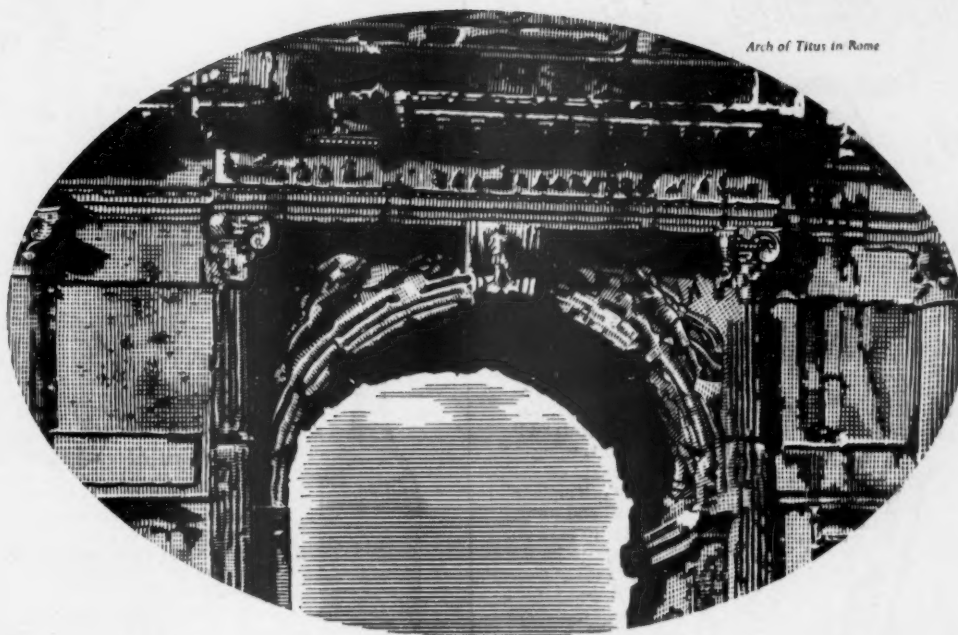
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The inevitable choice for those who appreciate the finer things in life.

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PF28A



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All experience is an arch to build upon

HENRY ADAMS (1838-1918)

'Experience' begins with the first bump on the nursery floor. It is the conversion of 'living' into 'knowing'; the translation of hard knocks into hard facts.

There are two facets of experience: memory, and vision. It is a knowledge of the past, that enables us to take a view of the future; when we use it as an aid to success, we are the historian of our failures, and the prophet of our achievements.

In industry, technique is collective experience, of men, and machines. With its help, we can reach new levels of production and research, and solve new problems in the light of old. For a progressive industry, experience is more than an arch, or a foundation; it is the master-builder's tower, from which the shape of tomorrow can be seen.



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* Thanks be to 'Terylene', the new British synthetic fibre, for making it easier and prettier and comfier for a perfect tomboy to look a perfect lady. 'Terylene' fabrics are beautiful—but oh! they're beautifully strong!



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* There's a great day coming for mothers, the day when 'Terylene' is plentiful. Drying? In next to no time. Ironing? Only occasionally. Mending? Almost a thing of the past.



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"Noilly Prat"

and your 'French'
will be perfect . . .



Here's the perfect way to serve it

- ☆ Gin and French. ½ Gin, ½ Noilly Prat.
- ☆ Very dry Martini Cocktail. ½ Gin, ½ Noilly Prat. Add ice and shake.
- ☆ Short Noilly Prat. Neat with a zest of lemon peel squeezed into the vermouth then dropped into it.
- ☆ Long Noilly Prat. Pour two fingers of Noilly Prat into a tumbler, add ice, top with soda.

NOILLY PRAT

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M-W.63




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For thanks to coal I can afford to keep our
kitchen always warm, to keep the water
in our taps always hot and to keep the open fire
in our living room going day and night.

So could you.

WE ALL LOVE AN OPEN FIRE. It's so cheerful, so comforting, such good company. And there is no cheaper way of keeping your home warm and your water hot all the time than coal in one form or another; and what is more friendly than a warm and cosy kitchen! But you really ought to find out about some of the *new* appliances which burn coal and all the *smokeless* solid fuels such as coke and anthracite. They are tremen-

dous labour savers and money savers. Modern in design and in efficiency. You will get the best selection, the best advice and the best service, if you go to a shop which shows the Coal Utilisation Council's yellow sign (see below). They are the experts. And so many things can be bought on hire-purchase now, that there is no reason why you should not bring your home up to date right away. Economise with coal.


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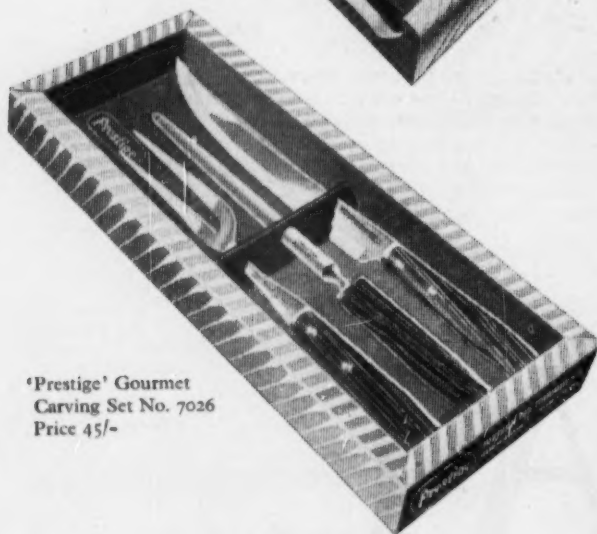
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'Prestige' Hollow-ground Cutlery solves all your gift problems. It's handsome, practical and *always* welcome. Nobody can resist the precision of 'Prestige' blades, hollow-ground for lasting sharpness. Nobody can resist the ease with which they carve, slice, cut, peel or pare. Here are just two of the wonderful 'Prestige' sets you'll find at good cutlery, ironmongers and stores everywhere.



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**This extra table
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**You can get a Vono 'Foldaway'
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TEA-TIME, card parties, children's playtime, sewing . . . every day finds new uses for the VONO 'Foldaway' Table. The patented folding action makes the 'Foldaway' as rigid in use as any non-folding table. It folds so compactly that it hardly needs any storage space. There's a VONO 'Foldaway' for every home. Choose yours from two table-top sizes (24" x 24" and 30" x 30") two heights (21" and 27"), a variety of coloured felt coverings, and frame finishes in light, medium and painted. See these marvellous Vono Folding Tables at any good class furnishers—today!

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Pause for a moment...

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Lucozade fulfils a need in the lives of busy men and women. This invaluable Glucose drink supplies energy when it's needed most, keeping you working evenly, steadily, without exhaustion—leaving you with energy to spare when you get home.

Millions of healthy people drink Lucozade to help them keep that way. It is a boon to the sick and convalescing and, for children, the perfect safeguard against fatigue. A bottle of Lucozade in the office and the home is the ideal protection against the stresses and strains of modern living. Start drinking it today, and keep some by you — *always!*

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REPLACES LOST ENERGY

TIPTREE marmalades



*Their flavour unites everyone
in a spirit of ecstasy*

TIPTREE A marmalade to conjure the appetite. Made from Seville oranges and pure sugar with really tender peel in medium-thick strips.

In 1 lb. jars 1/9d.

TAWNY For those who like to come across big juicy chunks of glistening peel, this Seville orange marmalade is delight indeed. In 1 lb. jars 1/9d.

By Appointment
Jam Manufacturers
to the late
King George VI



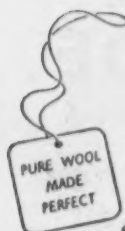
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critical
men**

What is it about Chilprufe that appeals so much to the man of greater-than-usual discernment? Its obvious quality, naturally—there's no mistaking it. But more than the superb finish, the lasting fit, and agreeable smoothness, is the protection of Chilprufe's finest Pure Wool Underwear. A man can live a full life when he enjoys Chilprufe's all-weather comfort and health-safety.



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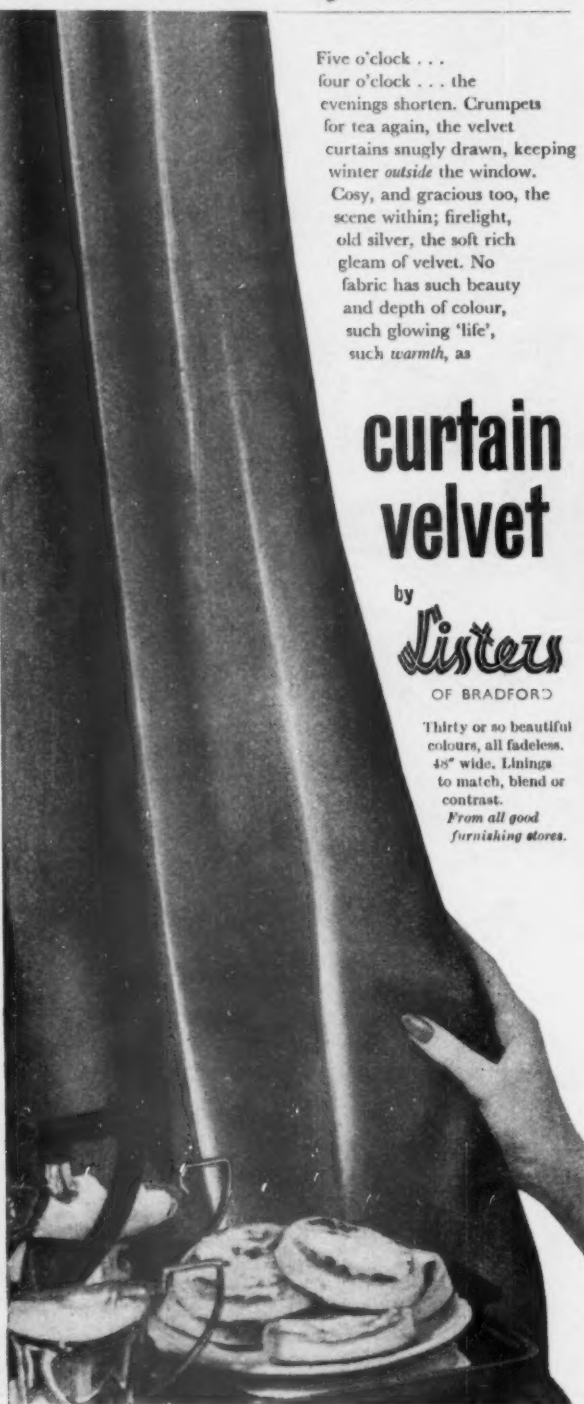
loveliest of all

Five o'clock . . .
four o'clock . . . the
evenings shorten. Crumpets
for tea again, the velvet
curtains snugly drawn, keeping
winter outside the window.
Cosy, and gracious too, the
scene within; firelight,
old silver, the soft rich
gleam of velvet. No
fabric has such beauty
and depth of colour,
such glowing 'life',
such warmth, as

curtain velvet

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Thirty or so beautiful
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48" wide. Linings
to match, blend or
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"Now tell me how you like my coffee"



Dress by Julian Rose

LYONS
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COFFEE

**WHY DO THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOSTESSES-
ABOUT-TOWN USE LYONS PURE COFFEE ?**

There's a very simple reason . . . Freshly-ground coffee beans will only make the best coffee if the beans themselves are *fresh*. The coffee beans used by Lyons are roasted and ground at the peak of their freshness, then the coffee is *immediately* aroma-sealed (by an exclusive Lyons process) in the well-known green tins. *It is the freshest coffee you can buy.*





Here is a new answer to an old problem. Cussons Clear Brilliantine controls the hair but leaves it soft and healthy—and just as important—does not discolour hats and pillow cases.

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IMPERIAL LEATHER
CLEAR Brilliantine
FOR MEN

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"Ah!"

SANDEMAN SHERRY
—I couldn't wish for better wine—



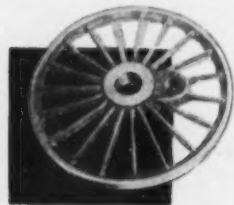
**SANDEMAN "THREE STAR"
DRY PALE**

This is an admirable Sherry when one's appetite needs a touch of pleasant stimulation. 18/- per bottle.

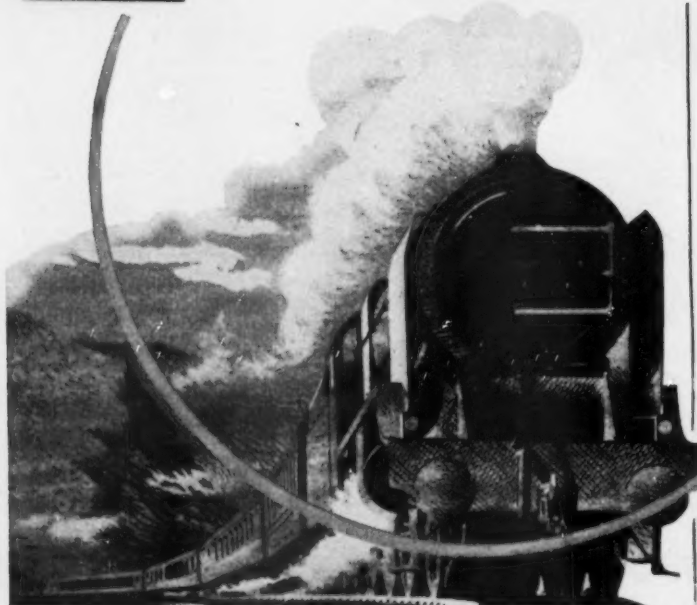
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In mid-morning, pause for a biscuit and a glass of this rich pale oloroso; and that mountain of work will become a mole-hill. 23/- per bottle.

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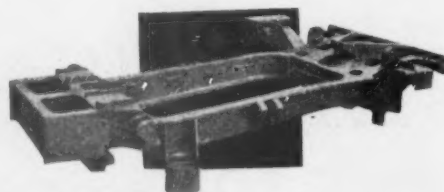
cast for
an important part . . . consider the strength of a Railway Engine



Few machines have to be made to such rigid standards of strength and soundness as railway rolling stock.

It is because of the need for calculated, unfailing strength in the component parts that Lloyds, with their unsurpassed facilities for scrupulous control at every stage of production, are called upon by Britain's leading locomotive and railway engineers to supply steel castings for their products.

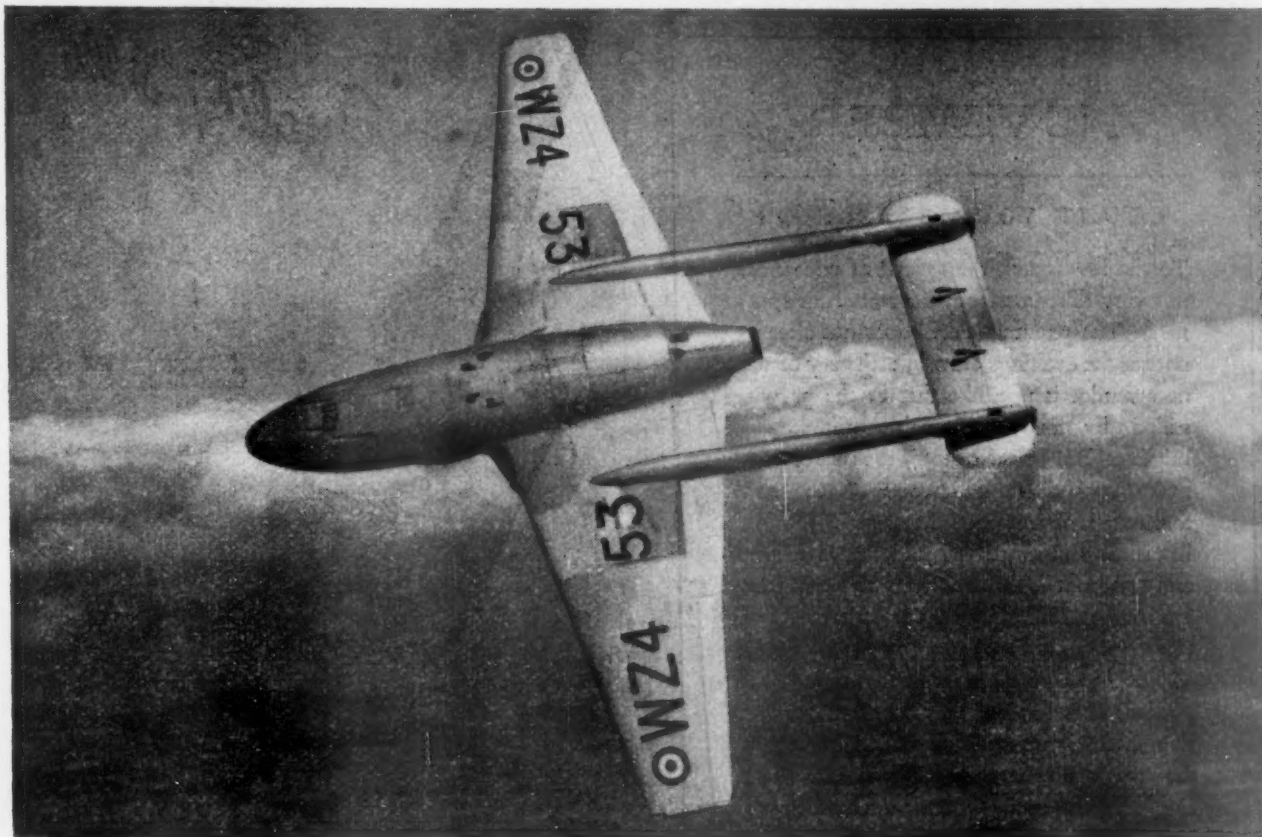
Castings made by Lloyds for the Railway industry include wheel centres (top left), loco frame cradles (below), bogie bolsters and axle boxes. Send for a copy of Lloyds Craftsmen in Steel. Post free.



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Britain's Best Equipped Steel Foundry

F. H. LLOYD & CO. LTD., P.O. BOX 5 JAMES BRIDGE STEEL WORKS WEDNESBURY STAFFS PHONE DARLASTON 225



“—and there I was, up in this jet”

To earthbound people, jet aircraft—an unseen whine in the sky or a plume-trailing dot against the blue—are strictly for supermen. When I put this point of view to the Royal Air Force, they didn't argue with me. “Try it,” they said, “and see for yourself.”

And that's how it happens that I, a middle-aged parent, with no flying experience, find myself climbing into the twin-seated cockpit of a de Havilland 'Vampire' Trainer at Little Rissington, the Central Flying School of the Royal Air Force.

We are kitted up and buckled in. The pilot tests the switches and controls. When the starter button is pressed a low whine breaks out from the engine. It climbs higher and higher as the revolution counter mounts to the 3,000 mark. At this speed the fuel is ignited and the jet bursts into life. Now there is a feeling (but no more) of immense power flowing through the aircraft. The wheel chocks are whipped away, we head for the runway, and off we go in a smooth, relentless surge towards the horizon. At 110 knots the nose lifts and we are airborne. It is unexpectedly silent as the low landscape slips behind us and the air-speed indicator climbs to 250...300...350 knots. Already we are 1,000 feet up and the Cotswold countryside becomes a map. At 15,000 feet the aircraft might be suspended in space. And that's the way I find it: the watcher from the ground sees a speck of an aircraft being flung about the sky. But up here I have no feeling of speed. Now and again as we loop or roll, the horizon does curious things. What, I ask, is going around whom? From time to time, as we dive or bank, new and unexpected forces press me strongly into my seat and load my hands and feet with invisible weights. But the sensation of speed—shrill, stomach-lifting, scenic-railway speed—is entirely absent. Nor am I nervous. The effect of these unseen forces on my unconditioned body is to produce a curious dreamlike sensation. All the same I find time to enjoy a view of most of Southern England laid out before me: Oxford, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Bristol—and the westering sun glinting off the sea beyond. The pilot presses a button and speaks to the control tower. “Steer 110 degrees,” says a metallic voice. The horizon swings round and we head for home. The runway places itself in position ahead of us, comes up, flows past us and, with a gentle shudder, firmly attaches itself to our wheels.

Being flown in a jet clearly does not call for supermen. And the Royal Air Force does not expect to find supermen ready-made to fly them. It is looking for young men who possess the personal qualities, flying aptitude and high medical standards needed to fly and navigate modern fighting aircraft. In addition to entry through the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, there are the new Direct Commissions for pilots and navigators in the General Duties (flying) Branch which offer a good prospect of making a career in the Royal Air Force.

As in all professions it depends largely on individual merit how far one goes in the Service. The best have excellent prospects of rising to high rank; for others there will be the opportunity of a pensionable appointment normally up to the age of fifty. Alternatively, an officer who wishes to return to civil life may leave the Service at the end of twelve years with a gratuity of £3,000, or after eight years with a gratuity of £1,500, both gratuities tax free.

The table below gives brief details of this and other methods of entry.

METHOD OF ENTRY	AGE LIMITS	EDUCATIONAL STANDARDS
Cranwell Cadetship	17½—19	Civil Service Commission Examination
Direct Commission	17½—26	General Certificate of Education Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent
From a University	20—26	Normal degree at recognised university
National Service*	During Service	General Certificate of Education Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent

* For subsequent flying in the R.Aux.A.F.

For fuller information write to:
Under-Secretary of State, Air Ministry (P.U.204),
Adastral House M.R.2, London, W.C.2.



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

NOVEMBER

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

To the townsman, the sounds of winter are not very different from the sounds of summer. The pneumatic drill does not alter its note as the evenings draw in; the cry of the news vendor is not, like that of the peewit, stilled by an unfathomable impulse to migrate. But in the country the two seasons make very different impacts on the ear. Summer is never silent. Most of its sounds, like those on Prospero's island, "give delight and hurt not", though from this category we must exclude those made by wasps and thunderstorms.

Winter has a much more limited repertoire. Perhaps it is because they so often present themselves against a background of silence that we acquire a relish for its noises. The ring of an axe in the woods: the huntsman's horn across the valley: the grating, confidential call of partridges settling down for the night—when we grumble about the winter we do not grumble about these. And though writers, seeking to create a cheerless and forlorn atmosphere, often invoke the moaning of the wind in the eaves, not even the most provocative of them has attempted to suggest that this sound is half so dispiriting as the patter of rain on the roof of the cricket pavilion.



Banking makes no sounds like these. Only the subdued chatter of accounting machines and the clink of coins marks the unceasing service which the Midland Bank provides throughout the year to townsman and countryman alike.

MIDLAND BANK



'Quality Tells'



By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.



Scotch Whisky is the ideal drink for all occasions

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD., QUALITY STREET, LEITH. London Office: 62, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

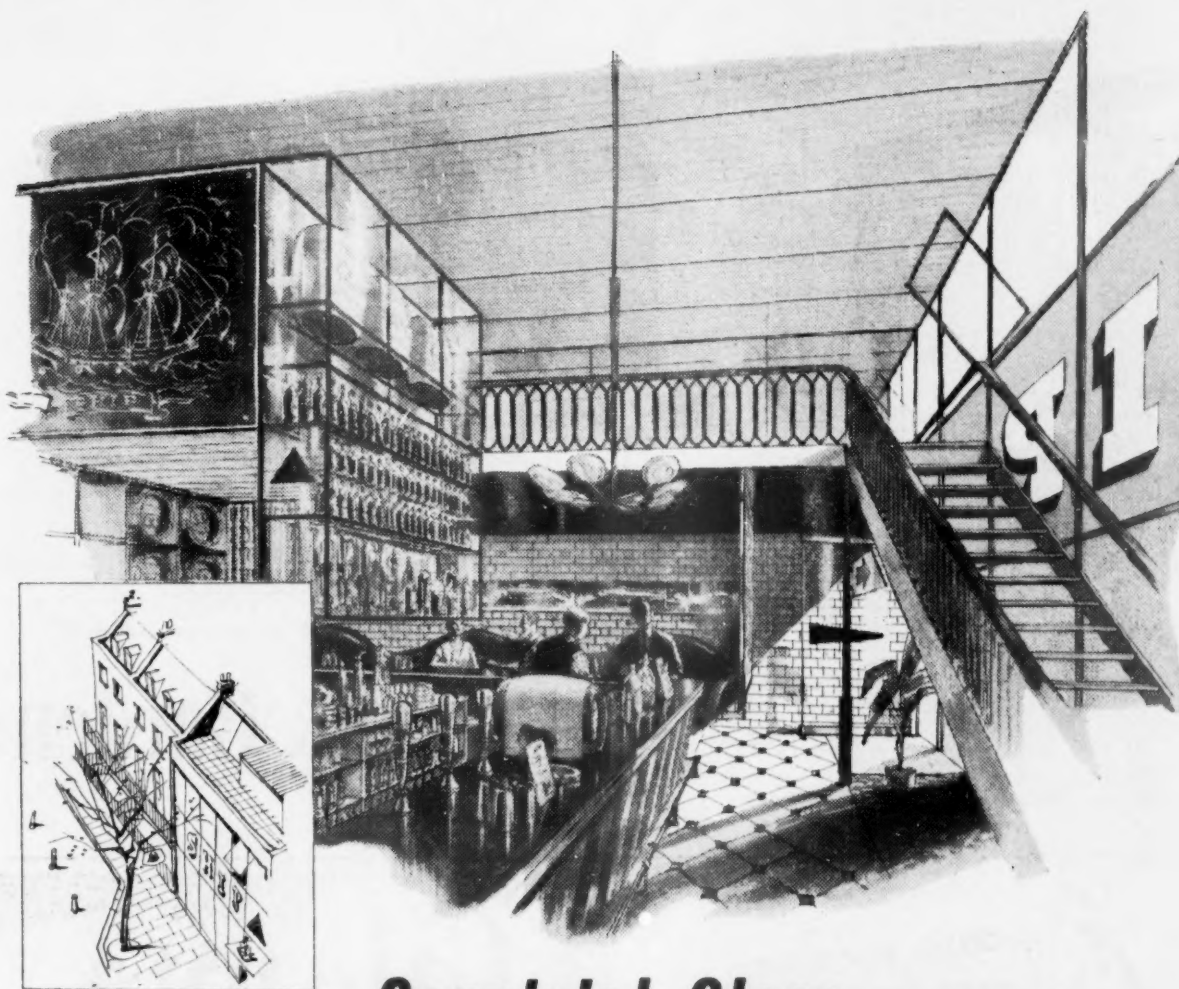


and below

Cleveland's engineers are building structures which are designed to withstand the passage of time. Deep foundation work is a Cleveland speciality and is an integral part of the modern science of heavy structural engineering. To whatever depth or to whatever height—in any part of the world—Cleveland engineering means enduring strength.

CLEVELAND

Builders of Bridges & Fabricators of all types of structural steelwork



Convivial Glass

To design a brand-new public house presents an architect with a considerable challenge. He will want to take advantage of modern methods and materials and yet use them so as instantly to suggest the word 'pub' rather than 'hygienic drinking parlour'. Mr. C. Wycliffe Noble, A.R.I.B.A., of Gooday and Noble (Architects) has designed a glass pub as warm and richly characteristic as any favourite Victorian rendezvous.

In fact, several Victorian features have been introduced: notably the screen hanging from the mezzanine ceiling (seen edge on) which is a double mirror acid-etched with a decorative motif, the iron balustrade with its mahogany hand-rail and the recessed panels containing stuffed fish. The outside wall at ground floor level is of semi-obscuring Spotlyte glass. The middle area is glazed with $\frac{1}{4}$ " Rough Cast glass and carries the pub name, sand-blasted, coloured and fired. The upper wall and transoms are of $\frac{1}{4}$ " Polished Plate glass. Entry is by Armourplate glass door with a generous black push-bar for safety.

Inside the main bar a brilliant-cut mirror ship sign fixed high on the wall face recalls the glitter of the old pubs, whereas the treatment of the counter frontage—it is faced with strips of toughened glass, coloured

alternately light and dark—is essentially modern. The display behind the counter is framed in black metal, with shelves of $\frac{1}{4}$ " Polished Plate glass; the triangle is Flashed Ruby affixed to the plate glass.

From the suspended ceiling of glass slats above the mezzanine floor hangs a brass chandelier with Opal glass bowls. The ceiling itself is of Flashed Opal glass slats suggesting a deep cut pattern after the fashion of the old 'Lincrusta' design, and the suspended ceiling (below the gallery) is of Brown Antique Seedy glass.

The whole of the front, two ceilings and many fittings—why was glass used for these? Because, at a very economical price, glass can be chosen from an immense variety of colours, textures, patterns and strengths. Because it can look very beautiful, warm and gay. Because it can allow light—in any degree—to come through. Because it is clean and fresh. It's a splendid building material... glass.

Remember



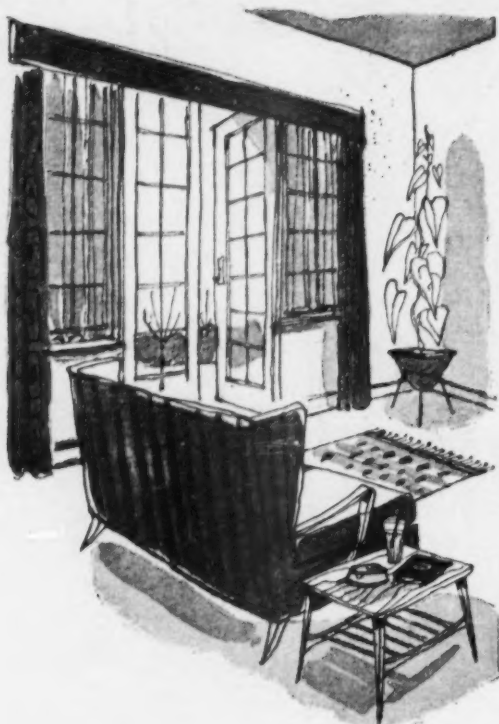
Poppy Day

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'WARMABED' Electric Blankets are supplied in 100% Pure Wool, in pink, periwinkle blue, honeysuckle or willow green.

3 Sizes: JUNIOR, £4.14.6
SINGLE, £8-10.0
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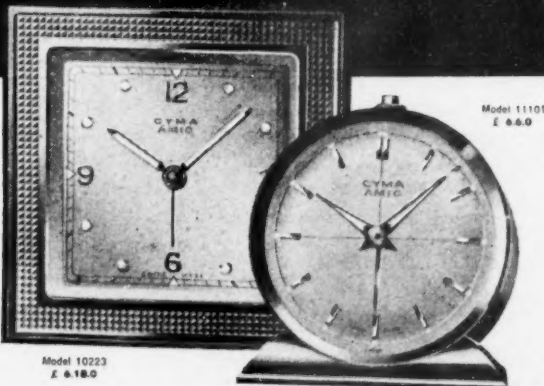
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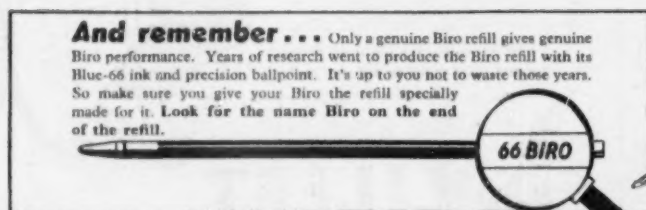
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4/6



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3/7

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CHARIVARIA

FAILURE to express official sympathy over the Toronto hurricane was a bad lapse. It should not be assumed that any real slackness exists in the Department of Congratulations and Condolences, however, otherwise Sir Winston Churchill would have overlooked his expression of national gratification at the recent escape of Colonel Nasser.

Empty Place

Now that the circumstances of Sir William Hayter's withdrawal from the Burmese Ambassador's dinner have been fully examined at the Foreign



Office a serious feature, at first overlooked, is claiming official attention—namely, that as a result of safeguarding his diplomatic integrity Sir William had to go hungry. Experts on protocol are trying to hit on a system whereby an ambassador can eat his meal *de facto* while walking out *de jure*.

Suspense Story

WHETHER British, foreign or international, the machinery of justice is always working at full pressure. This month will see the trial, *in absentia*, by a West German court, of Dr. Josef Goebbels, whose property will be confiscated if he is found to have been "a leading Nazi."

Fixed Point

No doubt the commercial television situation will settle down in time, but just at the moment, with the Independent Television Authority (I.T.A.) ignoring the Incorporated Television Programme Company (I.T.P.C.) but offering a contract to Broadcast Relay Services (B.R.S.) and provoking a

statement from the Associated Broadcasting Development Company (A.B.D.C.) the only body with any confidence in its status and prospects must be the R.T.R.A. (Radio and Television Retailers' Association).

Never Get Well if You Picket

LOOKING back on the mass rejection of sculpture suggestions for the T.U.C. Memorial Building it is obvious that the entrants were all at sea over contemporary trends. No group entitled, for example, "Policy of Peaceful Negotiation" could have stood a moment's chance. What was hoped for was something on the lines of "T.U. Leader Lynched after Ordering Men Back to Work."

It Pays to Advertiserize

FEMININE interest has been effectively stirred by the latest lipstick in madly voluptuous crimson, which is not only non-drying and non-smear but actually *moisturizes* the lips. For best results it should be worn with newly barberized hair, freshly tweezerized eyebrows and, indeed, all the latest kinds of beauticianization.

Blessed Plot

SPYING for the licensing laws a Bognor detective constable, so he stated in court, drank seventeen whiskies



while gathering evidence at a club. He maintained, however, that he could still have said "British Constitution," if he hadn't been too ashamed to mention it.

Every Man His Own Jester

HUMORISTS have no trade union as yet, but punning headlines in *The Times* are leading other publications to

follow suit, and something may have to be done. In the *Fishing Gazette* recently the achievement of a Police Sergeant Falle in catching a 2 lb. 14 oz. golden orfe near Wolverhampton was reported under the heading, "Police Sergeant Falle's Orfe"; and in *Radio Times* a Home Service item entitled "Salute to Nelson" carried the small italic witticism, "See top of column."

Is Nothing Sacred?

REPORTING that an actress has dry rot in her new flat, a gossip-writer says "Such talent and good looks deserve a better fate." A sound point. It is time that malignant forces were legally debarred from molesting actresses, band-leaders, football stars and the



like, who are entitled by popular acclaim to a carefree existence. Many people were badly shocked to learn that the latest dock troubles had obliged even well-known night-club singers to carry their own hand-luggage. It seemed incredible: that sort of thing is for the obscure, the aged and the infirm.

Star is Born

LIME Grove's latest bid to instruct, stimulate and amuse is a series bringing an expectant mother before the cameras. She will appear in increasing stages of expectancy until a few days before the child is born, and later the B.B.C. plans to televise the baby itself. Viewers who believe in pre-natal influences expect it to have a fixed look in its eye.

Distant Drum

AMONG the many exciting tales of artistic achievement in the U.S.S.R. comes one from a newly-returned visitor who tells of five hundred

balalaikas played simultaneously in Leningrad, and an orchestra of a thousand musicians in Moscow. The sceptical are reminded that oscillographs at Kyoto University have been registering heavy and prolonged vibrations not incompatible with Russian cultural activities on such a scale.

Laughing Gas

OWING to the improvement in dental skills and equipment, said a speaker at the British Dental Trades Exhibition,



it will be a pleasure to visit the dentist in twenty years from now . . . If only to read about funny old 1954 in the waiting-room magazines.

Fall In, Digging Party

BRITISH popularity in Suez has reached an all-time high with the signing of the Anglo-Egyptian agreement, a fact emphasized by *The Sunday Times* headlines, "Egypt Terrorists Bury Their Bombs . . . Efforts to Make the Canal Troops Feel Safe." An official note of where the bombs are buried might make them feel even safer.

Crown-up Young Lady

WITH the uprush of children's papers so much in the news there is a danger of forgetting that many bright youngsters are still reading the papers favoured by their parents. Eleven-year-old Sheila Carpenter, describing in the correspondence columns of the *Competitors' Journal and Pools Guide* her successes in "two and a half years of competing," ends her letter:

"I think competitions are very educating and a pleasant hobby, and my advice to all readers is get your children interested in competitions like my dad has got me."

Skipper Next to God

WHEN I commanded India, I saw it all too soon
Revert to Commonwealth Reserve, in a
Whitehall-proof cocoon;
And now I head the Navy at the peak
of my renown
How long before the British Fleet lies
all Mountbattened down?

MR. NEUTRALIST

IT was in Vanity Fair that Bunyan's Pilgrim fell in with Mr. Neutralist, an elegant man with a large mass of grey hair, a public smile, and a manner which betokened great earnestness of disposition.

As was his wont, the Pilgrim explained his reasons for leaving the City of Destruction—namely, that the City would be burnt with fire and all its inhabitants perish. Mr. Neutralist would not have this at all. It should have been perfectly possible, he said, to establish contact with some responsible person from the nether regions (with which, whatever we may think about them, we have no choice but to co-exist), and work out a *modus vivendi*. In any case, he went on, with one of his most winning smiles, it would have been worth trying, instead of just taking precipitate flight in the vague hope of reaching the Celestial City.

The Pilgrim was considerably abashed. It seemed to him that, if this were true, all the dangers and difficulties he had met with might have been avoided altogether—no Slough of Despond to wade through, no Hill Difficulty to climb, no Valley of the Shadow of Death to endure. Instead of facing these hazards, he might have remained peaceably at home with his family.

"But," he asked, "supposing such an arrangement to have been made, how

could we be sure that it would be observed? Is not the ruler of the nether regions a notorious liar and cheat? Has not everyone who has had dealings with him lived to regret it?"

Mr. Neutralist was not at all perturbed by this argument. Of course it was true, he said, that the ruler of the nether regions had a far from impeccable record in the matter of fair dealing, and that he had frequently manifested un-neighbourly, if not downright aggressive, tendencies. Even so, it was surely not beyond the wit of man (this was one of his favourite phrases) to work out some arrangement for peaceful co-existence on a basis of a genuine division of interests. Could there not be, he went on, for instance, a neutral area between the nether and upper regions which would serve to eliminate the possibility of conflict? After all, what was the alternative? Unless some such agreement, based on give and take, were arrived at, others would have no choice but to follow the hard way the Pilgrim had taken or tamely await destruction.

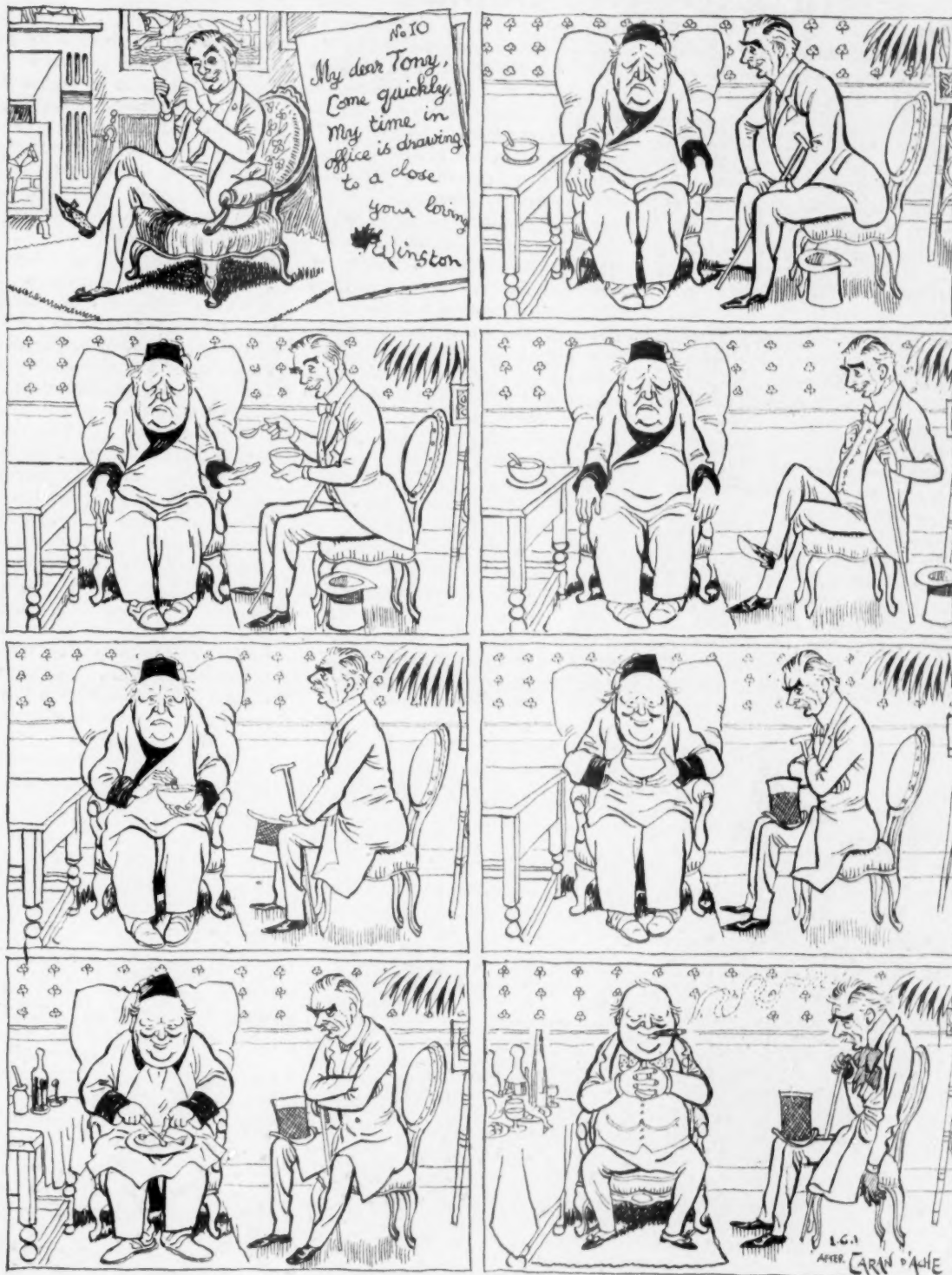
With these plausible words ringing in his ears the Pilgrim continued on his way greatly saddened. His footsteps lagged, and he had little stomach for any further adventures. The Delectable Mountains, let alone the Celestial City, seemed far away, and the thought of his old home very alluring. At this point, however, the memory came to him of his battle with Apollyon, and of how this cruel adversary had proposed to him just such an arrangement as Mr. Neutralist envisaged. Let it be admitted, Apollyon had said, that the Pilgrim had forgone his allegiance to him and accepted service with another. There seemed no cogent reason now why he should not reverse the position, and, if he did, he, Apollyon, would give an undertaking that all would be well, with no recriminations, and that whatever his country could afford the Pilgrim should be given.

It was while the Pilgrim was meditating upon these seemingly fair words that Apollyon had thrown a flaming dart at his breast, and only with the greatest difficulty had the Pilgrim been able finally to worst him. Thenceforth he thought no more of Mr. Neutralist.

M. M.



THE HEIR



An Excessive Autumn

By GWYN THOMAS



HAVE been thinking of that element Fawkes who in the matter of ill luck in the use of gunpowder is a kind of twin to my Uncle Edwin.

About fifteen years ago Edwin was in a cantata called "The Glade of Gladness" which was all about the joys of the pastoral life in the days before farmers had to buy and sell things and produce philosophers to denounce townsmen. The cantata made an appeal to my uncle and his friends because all these voters had been hit silly by the Industrial Revolution and if there had been a forest left standing within easy distance of Meadow Prospect these boys would have been back on acorns and laughing at the rate collectors. Edwin found his nerves becoming brittle in the tin works where he was employed and he started to denounce the rattle of metal as a basic flaw in man's whole tenancy of this globe.

He went to see a doctor who did not wish to discuss tenancy or the globe, but he told Edwin to find a job that would expose him to jolly sociable contacts. The Debating Group at the Library and Institute met for three

nights running to find out how the doctor had fished up such a phrase as that from the context of Meadow Prospect, a theme of frowning in stone and slipping hillside.

Uncle Edwin was found a job as a conductor on the Meadow Prospect buses when that enterprise had just started. The drivers all had to be local men and most of them, through lack of training or a wish to answer the greeting of passers-by who wanted to congratulate them on being uninformed and in charge of such a large article as a bus, were very erratic in their movements. Several of us went to the doctor and advised him to sign Edwin back on to the tin where he at least knew the dangers, but the doctor said that such a job as conducting, with the fine experience of walking about with a thick leather money bag around his neck and a warm uniform and helping voters off and on the vehicle, was just the thing he had in mind to break the back of Edwin's chronic concern about man and society.

Uncle Edwin's first week was on a stretch of road leading up to Meadow Prospect's only good suburb where our minute professional class lived. One of my uncle's regular passengers was a lady of snobbish bent, Mrs. Lydia Dove the Cut Above, a woman of majestic presence, a booming voice that had

folded back the tympanum of a dozen maids and a leading place in the town's policy-making and bridge-playing phalanx. When on a journey to or from the town she was fond of announcing in a voice that could be heard four buses away that she did not trust any conductor as notably connected with the free-thinking flank of the Library and Institute as Uncle Edwin.

Edwin's driver was an old friend of his called Idris Merril. Idris was a good driver when his mind was on Meadow Prospect and the road ahead, but liable to become abstracted and unreliable in his choice of direction when he started thinking of his domestic affairs, which were so tangled he was now allowed to enter the County Court by the same door as the judge. But Idris believed that life would tend, through its labyrinth of dirtying complexities, to an ultimate atom of tranquil simplicity as a reward for all the knots into which he had been tied by his own ineptitude and his wife's flighty fecklessness. For this belief he was sometimes known as Merril the Monad by the boys in the advanced philosophy class run by Nestor Harris, M.A. It would have been all right if this belief in an assured serenity to come had affected Idris while at the wheel but it never did. Then neuroses nibbled into his every pocket sure of finding sugar, and on top





"Here they come—you'd better start getting up."

of this a lot of voters who were sorry for Idris in his troubles had a way of nipping on to the bus and jerking open the window just behind the driver's seat and bawling right into Idris' ear, causing the bus to make a savage lurch which was not helped by the refusal of these sympathetic voters to hand a penny over to Edwin for these little trips. Edwin felt that he would not have been thrown more often on to his face if that doctor had dispatched him to work on a whaler.

The time when Edwin started was around the beginning of November when voters who have done too little thinking about the whole present situation think a bang harmless and encourage their young to cause a rush on the County Clinic by celebrating the capture of Fawkes and the other cellar-men. Meadow Prospect that year was full of these amateurs of hell let loose. That upthrusting young outfitter, Esau

Tothill the Tussore, had done a deal with some expiring cracker-maker and he was giving away a firework with every article purchased. Young elements by the hundred and even serious-looking older voters who wished to give their wives a laughing fit with a furtive rocket, or wished to take a whack at the grey sober surface of their days, went marching into Tothill's and came out with a packet of pins and some explosive. The streets were loud with their bangs, especially the streets on which Uncle Edwin and Merrill the Monad were taking their bus, for there was something about the grieving pensiveness of Edwin and the distracted jumpiness of Merrill that drew these pyromaniacs like a poultice.

On the bonfire night itself Merrill's preoccupations had reached a peak and once or twice Uncle Edwin had had to nip out and flag him back on to the route. It happened too that Mrs. Lydia

Dove was that night engaged on some marathon of social service that had her hopping in and out of the bus as often as Uncle Edwin. After a particularly bad lurch by Merrill which almost flung Edwin off his platform Mrs. Dove threw up the window just behind Merrill and caught him one with the massive brass clasp of her handbag, the huge one she kept for benevolence. She said in tones that almost put Merrill through the windscreen and sent all the threepenny bits in Edwin's bag into one corner, that anarchy in our division would triumph only over her dead body and the way things were going she could see anarchy, not having a very long wait.

This did not help Merrill and at the next pause he told Uncle Edwin that his wife Rebecca, who was mad about athletes ever since Merrill had taken to heavy reading, had now taken in a wrestler to share their board. The night

before, Gomer Gough and Willie Silcox and a few of the other debaters down at the Institute had looked into this matter of Idris Merrill's shredding serenity, had heard him refer to the wrestler, and brought along some short broad voter called Mervyn Jervis who claimed he had a working knowledge of Judo and other sinister types of encounter.

Jervis had gone through the whole curriculum of simple butchery for Idris's benefit in the porch of the Institute. This was to give Idris confidence in his traffic with the wrestler. But the light in that porch is bad and Willie Silcox kept distracting Idris's attention from Jervis's illustration of the various grips with reference to the rusting quality of jealousy and had rattled off a whole list of performers from history and literature who would have done a lot better if they had stopped feeling vindictive about women and taken up hobbies like whippets or skittles that whittle down the emotional margin. All the while Mervyn Jervis was making his way through his fourteen methods of breaking necks, all so brisk as never to be offensive.

On the way back to Meadow Prospect Idris had suddenly stopped the bus just as Uncle Edwin had the flaps of his money bag open and the bag itself tilted up to get at some change. Pounds' worth of copper and silver rolled all over the floor and voters were crawling about pretending to help Edwin, pointing out the glint of nothing but hope under the darker seats, and quietly pocketing some of the coins themselves, causing the manager of the bus-company who had looked in on this scene to put Edwin's name down as a necessary prop in a course he was planning for the training of bus inspectors who would need someone to incorporate the whole syllabus of errors open to a conductor.

Mrs. Lydia Dove was on her feet shouting that this was the first clap in the

thunder of wicked social waste that was shortly to burst over the heads of the provident. Uncle Edwin bawled on Idris to get a grip on himself and the bus for pity's and security's sake and carry straight on.

Idris stopped the bus because it was at that very moment that some of the postures and thrusts of Mervyn Jervis began to make sense to him, and he could not wait until he was back at home applying Judo thirteen to the dozen and piloting that wrestling lodger through the door without touching either jamb or step. So he just left the route and went tearing up side streets as part of a short cut back to his wife. The side streets were dark and unfamiliar and Idris ran right into a high school wall.

Mrs. Lydia Dove and Uncle Edwin were thrown into each other's arms and were hurled to the floor, half stunned in a brief anticipation of the social peace that is bound one day to come. The bus was not badly damaged and while Idris was trying to shake off the bigger bits of the school wall the bus was surrounded by a host of youths bearing Esau Tothill's fireworks. They came out of the gloom in a brilliant swarm like sardines to bait. Mrs. Dove, after a long two-nostril whiff at a sal-volatile bottle which she always carried in her bag as a hint for certain thinkers in Meadow Prospect whom she thought would benefit from a faint, was drawing up a list of specific charges to be levelled against Idris and Uncle Edwin as soon as she could get them still and in the presence of the General Manager of the bus company.

The noise of the fireworks, the roar of the engine as Idris was trying to make sure he left the school behind and the doom-shot rub of Mrs. Dove's pencil was too much for Edwin. He stood on the platform of the bus, his arms upraised, his face stricken, like a prophet who is now going to distribute among the scoffers the fragments of his shattered heart, with especially large pieces for those who had used the hammers. He asked for peace, a dignified silence, not only in that nook of Meadow Prospect but through all the shabby and underburrowed galleries that connect life with death.

The boys fell silent. Three of them stood quite near to Uncle Edwin, as if humbled by what he was saying. He did not look down at them but kept his

eyes fixed on the further darkness where the comrades of the listening trio were still padding through the long grass of their wanton humour and mischief. Then Uncle Edwin blessed the three boys and re-entered the bus, pushing his money bag right behind his back so as not to be bothered at that moment by anything squalid. He moved with the fluid speed of nightmare down the aisle and stood before Mrs. Lydia Dove whose writing had been brought to a stop by a blunted pencil. He asked her to enter the universe of tolerance and amity which he had just sketched for the cracker-lighters.

He was at the end of his second fine plangent sentence when all chaos broke loose. The three boys who had stood so attentively at Edwin's knees had secreted three lighted jackie-jumpers in Edwin's money bag and the explosion of these articles had him dancing from one end of the bus to the other like a whipped stag. The only decent feature of the whole thing was that Mrs. Lydia Dove understood very little about the last phase of the evening. She had fainted when she saw Uncle Edwin make his first leap as the jumpers went into action, her hand only half-way to the bottle of volatile. She was convinced that Edwin was now sailing into the last harbour of his hurtful malcontent under a full sail of dementia.

As soon as she came to she did a better jump than Tosca from the bus and rushed to the General Manager of the bus company. She warned him to be on guard against Idris Merrill and Uncle Edwin who would shortly be arriving to set fire to the depot. Edwin, back in the bus after fanning his money bag to take the taste of tumult from his coins, persuaded Idris to return to the main route. There they were met by an envoy of the bus company who asked them to take the bus back to headquarters. There they were given their cards.

Which might have been just as well. Voters like my Uncle Edwin and Idris Merrill the Monad are better static.

6 6

Popular Fallacy Exploded

"'This irresponsibility in public places is most deplorable,' he said. 'It is not merely horseplay. Most of us understand that you young people have to go and let off a lot of steam sometimes, but a railway station is not the place to do it.'"*—Survey Comet*



"And if it's a boy I want to call it Winston after that wonderful horse."



Labour's Local

By CLAUD COCKBURN

ONCE a month, particularly in a month full of strikes, the centre of the State, the heart of men and things, turns out to be a pub called the Marquis of Granby in Dean Bradley Street, Westminster. The reason is partly geographical—the Marquis of Granby is the Transport House local.

But it is a good deal more than that. It can be said to be on that one day in the month the liaison, the electric wire connecting the chiefs of the T.U.C. and the Labour Party with the excited, bored, bewildered, knife-fighting, mealy-mouthed British Press.

There are a few hours every month when the public house owned by Mr. William Angus Tait from Scotland, who will tell you as often as you like that he has no politics at all, reaches the level of all those pubs which over long, long years have played a similar rôle in the affairs of nations—the Adlon Bar long ago in Berlin, the Bavaria in Geneva and the Scribe in Paris.

Long ago you could sit on a good day in the Adlon Bar and hear three—and on an even better day four—potential German putschists confidentially explaining to the World's Press just why they represented the true spirit of

post-war Germany (War One naturally), and why they were the ones who were going to defend the interests of the West, keep Culture going in a big way, set up a genuine army which would save us all and eradicate militarism.

In the Bavaria at Geneva everything that never was said on the floor of the League of Nations Building was said sometimes in whispers, sometimes in those jovial shouts across the beer mugs which tell newspapermen that the Delegate from Wheresit is a jolly human fellow, wishing to seem a little indiscreet at the moment and anxious to put over some whopper on the attentive readership of the Press.

As for the Scribe, it has been said by historians that if it had never existed the Peace of 1945 might have proved less entirely satisfactory.

The Marquis of Granby bears little superficial resemblance to these other historically famous places of good cheer, except that some students from the nearby Westminster Hospital have, in gratitude for its hospitality, at intervals unscrewed the "*Raucher, Fumeurs, Fumatori*" notices from Continental express trains and screwed them up around the bar.

Physically it resembles quite a number of the most modern London pubs, although you fairly soon receive the impression that eighty per cent of the people in it are strongly aware that they mean something and know what they mean.

On twenty-nine or thirty days of the month the men you will see there are likely to be executives of the Imperial Tobacco Company or Imperial Chemicals, a couple of dignitaries of the Church and that section of the top brass from Scotland Yard which does not care to hang about the nearest Scotland Yard local and thus makes the few hundred yards' extra trip to the Marquis of Granby.

Probably if someone put microphones in the place they would be bound sooner or later to make a fortune in some speculation or other or even get a notion about where the authorities think that famous bullion finally went to.

But the big day is the third or fourth Wednesday in the month.

On that day industrial and political correspondents have only one noontime date in their diaries—the Marquis of Granby. For that is the day when the T.U.C. chiefs and the Labour Party Executives across the road at Transport House after their meetings stride in dignity to the Marquis. And there the newspapermen are awaiting them, well aware, of course, that no hints or indiscretions are to be expected, that one meets in a pub for purely social and convivial reasons, that nobody is going to use such an occasion to slip any inside information to anyone else, that, in fact, these great Executives would very much rather the tiresome newspapermen were not there at all.

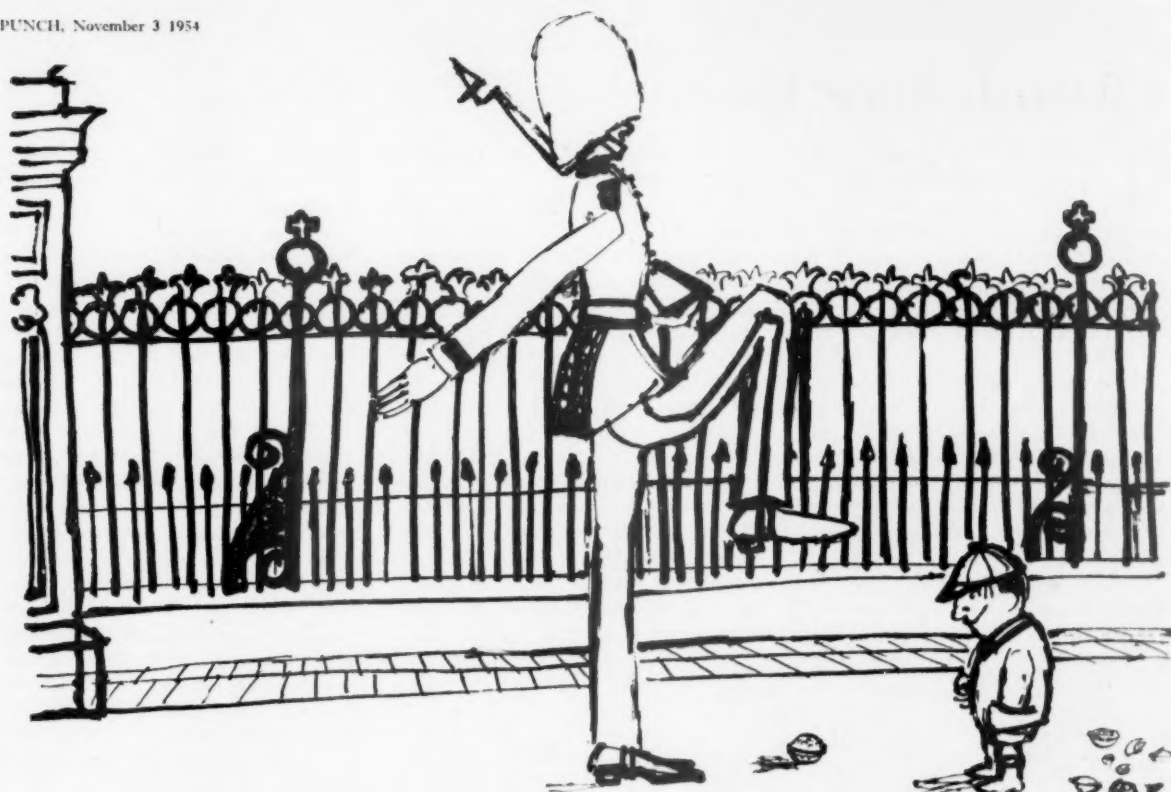
Yet for some reason the newspapermen stick around and for some reason they get stories—or as highly respectable politicians, who naturally loathe publicity, say—"concoct" them.

At one time the pleasant social atmosphere in the Marquis of Granby was such that Sir Walter Citrine actually instructed members of the General Council of the T.U.C. not to go to "the other place across the road."

Evidently realizing that no harm could come of a visit to the local the Transport House men continued to go there.



"Say 'How d'you do.'"



The customary course of events on one of the Transport House Wednesdays is the arrival of some of the hierarchically lesser, though not necessarily less genial, members of the General Council, some of whom are apt to chat in a nearly uninhibited manner with the newspapermen. For a while cheerfulness is more or less unconfined but is apt to get pretty sharply confined again on the sudden and solemn arrival of Sir Vincent Tewson.

Sir Vincent gives no indication that he has the slightest interest in the question of who is talking to whom, but, nevertheless, as he moves to the snack bar there is apt to be a slight adjustment of voices and group attitudes.

The next person one is likely to see after that is Mr. Morgan Phillips, Secretary of the Labour Party, who, to many observers, gives the impression that he really is rather interested in who is talking to whom, and that he is possibly making mental notes.

Probably he is in reality thinking only about Tonypandy, where some of the staff come from at the Marquis. But, of course, lately Mr. Phillips' nasty treatment by the Press on his Far Eastern

tour has rendered him intelligibly touchy.

All big officials say they hate the Press, but in the case of Mr. Phillips it looks as though this may be really true. There was an awful moment just after his return when Mr. Tait had the innocently hospitable notion of decorating the Marquis of Granby with Chinese lanterns as a gesture of welcome. Mr. Phillips rather sharply vetoed the proposal. Mr. Tait—a cheerful thirty-nine-year-old six-footer with wavy hair, an expression of warm non-surprise and a blue blazer with silver buttons—was upset about the incident, since he esteems Mr. Phillips as indeed he does all his distinguished clientèle.

One can probably keep the Bevanites out of a lot of places but not out of the local, and on a big Wednesday like the last one quite a number of them can be seen there sometimes talking animatedly to the Press about matters which the Transport House Authorities are inclined to think should not, in the best interests of Democracy, be freely mentioned.

Some of them will even, under pressure or by inadvertence, disclose the

real voting figures on important resolutions and decisions, with the result that the bitter beer glasses on the bar of the Marquis of Granby are quite often the very first to hear the most vital news of the day, and are the staid medium through which this ultimately reaches the British and American Press.

(I say "staid" because this is as sober a pub as any in London and indeed would make the old Adlon Bar and the old Bavaria look like an orgy. The electric atmosphere felt there once a month is due not to alcohol but to the much headier intoxicants of politics and news.)

There is a comfortable theory among many of the regular clients that in fact nobody behind the bar knows whether they are the secretary of some small union or an incipient Prime Minister. They like to think that they are known only as a Brown Ale, a Gin-and-Tonic or a Pint of Bitter.

This is not quite true. After all, if you are in the business of running one of the nerve centres of pubbery you have to know rather more than that—especially when you are determined to keep right out of politics.

Unsatisfactory Interview

By H. F. ELLIS

"I SHOULD like," I said briefly, "to see the police surgeon."

The policeman, who like all young helmetless constables had a curiously unconstabulary look, left his desk and came forward to the police-station counter.

"You wish to see the police surgeon?"

"Yes."

"Are you unwell?"

"No."

He took an indelible pencil from behind his ear, scratched his head with it, and began to make vague, exploratory movements with his left hand, as though seeking for a form to cover this unusual contingency.

"What was it in connection with, then?" he asked.

"I wish to multiply," I told him,

"—in the presence of a qualified medical man."

The constable blushed a bright scarlet. He was, as I have said, a young man, and may have misconstrued my request. With a muttered "Wait there," he turned and disappeared into the back regions. When he came back he had with him an altogether older and more experienced-looking man.

"What's it all about, sir?" said this newcomer. "You want to see a doctor, I understand." Like all middle-aged sergeants, helmetless or not, he had an extraordinarily sergeant-like look.

"I simply wish to state," I told him, "that seven by seven by eight is, in my submission, three hundred and ninety-two. If the police surgeon is not available, perhaps you will kindly make a

note of it. Also this"—and putting my heels together and shutting my eyes I extended both arms horizontally in front of me, with the thumbs touching and palms turned downwards.

"Lady Macbeth!" said the young constable, giggled, and subsided.

The sergeant, as I saw when I opened my eyes again, was very far from giggling. "Are you drunk?" he asked abruptly.

"That is the whole point at issue," I said, and seeing his brow grow darker yet with incomprehension, thought it best to put the interview on a firmer footing by giving my name and address. This eased the tension. Policemen are always happier when they have something to take down.

"I have been spending the evening," I went on, when the susurrations of pencils died down, "with a Mr. Ambrose Winch, of 'The Willows,' Pembury Avenue—"

"Fourth on the left, going down. Keeps fowls," put in the constable to show keenness.

"—and while there I drank—consumed is perhaps the better word—two whiskies adulterated with soda. No other food or drink passed my lips. The whiskies were small ones, though I should be glad if, in checking my story with Mr. Winch, you would refrain from mentioning that I commented on that point. I left at approximately fourteen minutes past eleven, and made my way here. My car—"

"Aha!" said the constable shrewdly. "You've become involved in an accident, is that it?"

"Certainly not. My car is parked outside 'The Willows.' Naturally after receiving hospitality I did not care to enter the vehicle without first being assured of my fitness to be in charge of a mechanically-propelled internal combustion engine. In the absence of a certificate, signed by a qualified medical man—"

The sergeant blew out his cheeks. "You mean to say, at your age, you can't tell whether you're fit to drive or not?"

"Come, sergeant," I said sternly. "Once alcohol has entered the bloodstream it is well known that the judgment becomes warped. Over-



"Advertising on TV would cost us £750 a minute! D'you realize how many unsolicited testimonials we could get for that?"

confidence creeps in. A conviction of supreme fitness to drive is likely to supervene. The victim is unaware that he has lost the ability to multiply, to stand on one leg with his eyes shut, and to perform other actions essential to accurate steering. Kindly pass your hand to and fro in front of my face."

The sergeant raised his hand, hesitated and lowered it again.

"Don't tempt me," he said.

"I deemed it my duty, in the circumstances," I said loudly, "to submit myself to a properly-conducted test of fitness to drive, *before* rather than after taking the wheel. It is the primary business of the police to prevent crime, not to obtain convictions after its commission. I demand to be tested in the presence of a physician—subject to the proviso that, as a classicist by training rather than a mathematician, I should prefer to be examined on a sentence from Thucydides rather than in problems involving, say, the use of x and y ."

The sergeant brought his hand down violently on the counter, possibly to test the speed of my reactions.

"Look!" he shouted. "There's a dance on at the Assembly Hall. Two hundred and fifty cars parked outside, to my knowledge—"

"Extension till midnight," put in the constable.

"So how d'you think I'd get through my work if every one of those drivers started this sort of fool caper and came trooping in here doing sums and standing on one leg all over my floor?"

"They won't be here for an hour or more yet," I said mildly, "—even assuming the Organizing Secretary takes my advice."

"Oh, buzz off!" the sergeant said.

So that is all one gets for trying to do one's duty as a citizen—that, and a summons for parking without lights in an unauthorized avenue.

"A Housewife at Marton, Blackpool, turned on the cold water tap at her home—and out came a two-inch brown frog which began hopping about in the bowl."

An official of the Fylde Water Board said: 'It is a most uncommon happening. The probable explanation is that the frog got into the house from the garden and somehow got inside the water tap.'—*Daily Mail*

Can't fool these experts.



Dior at Blenheim

NOT what you'd call homey, with its three acres of court
(And that, two centuries later, being still the one side short),
And about three hundred yards of quoined and curlicued wall,
And the kitchen sixty yards from the nearest corner of the hall:
Vast in its elevations and strictly symmetrical in plan—
Not what you'd call homey, but a man's design for a man.

Here, when the wind whistles, and the leaves whirl in its wake,
And the dank splendour of an Oxford autumn lies upon the lake,
Comes Dior and his straight ladies, very elegant and spare,
Drawing-board rather than drawing-room, intellect walking with an air,
Breathlessly brilliant in conception and strictly vertical in line—
Not what you'd call homey, but undoubtedly a man's design.

Here they are worshipped and wondered at; here comes crowding to the show
The eager elegance of England at a good five guineas a go.
Here, in this stone-cold splendour, they are free to measure at a glance
The nation's homage to a man who had saved it from the tyranny of France.

P. M. HUBBARD

Possible Explanation

By T. S. WATT

"'Astounding! You've fitted me as good as my Saville Row tailor,' writes Col. J. W."—From an advertisement

WARING had always believed that his natural talents were wasted in his job of book-maker's tout, and when war came in 1939 he enlisted at once, determined to show the world that he was capable of better things. He succeeded so well that by 1945 he had attained the rank of colonel, and when the war ended he decided to make the Army his career. He was disappointed to find, however, that in peace time he seemed to be able to make no further progress. Work as he would, and scheme and plan as he might, he remained a colonel, and after some years of bitter frustration he sought out an old friend, General Barling, and asked for his advice.

"Well, my dear fellow," said General Barling, "it's not a thing I find easy to say, and I do hope you won't be offended with me, but the fact is that

you don't speak grammatical English. It didn't matter much during the war, but I'm afraid it does now."

"I've always thought," said Waring stiffly, "as how I spoke pretty good."

"I'm afraid not. I wonder if you remember that time the Prime Minister visited us in St. Cleriot, and had lunch in the Mess? You should do, because he paid you a rather nice compliment. He said 'Only last week a grim prospect gaped upon us all, and in the sombre gloom around us we could see no gleam of light. To-day we press forward, our feet upon the sunlit uplands. My friends, let us drink to Colonel Waring.' You replied 'I only done my duty, like what we all done.' It was nothing, really: still, I saw him wince. Well, that's the sort of thing that's keeping you back now."

"You've spoke out blunt, all right," said Waring sharply, "but you've not given me no help. If I've talked impure all these years, I got a lot to get out of the habit of. How am I going to do it?"

"The first step, obviously," said General Barling, "is to take a course at a speech training school, or something of the kind. While you're doing that you should make a point of mixing as much as possible with people who speak faultless English. You spend most of your spare time on the race-course, don't you? I should cut that out, if I were you. Try to strike up friendships with—well, good straight actors, say, or clergymen above the rank of vicar. People like that simply have to speak well. I mean, you'll wait a long time before you'll hear a double negative from a bishop, won't you? Another

thing. Go to a really first-class tailor. If you don't mind me saying so, you won't get far with either the church or the stage in that purple affair you have on now."

Colonel Waring felt that this was good advice, and he decided to take it. He was a likeable character and a good mixer, and he found no great difficulty in introducing himself into the sort of society recommended by General Barling. He became firm friends with a happy-go-lucky archdeacon of about his own age, and they went on a walking tour together. Waring felt that his failing was already less noticeable.

"You done me good, Jim boy," he said, one sparkling autumn morning, as they shouldered their rucksacks in the doorway of their inn. "I'll speak proper yet."

"Of course you will, my dear chap," replied the archdeacon. "I'm sure of one thing, at any rate: you're not making half as many mistakes as what you was at the start of this here trip."

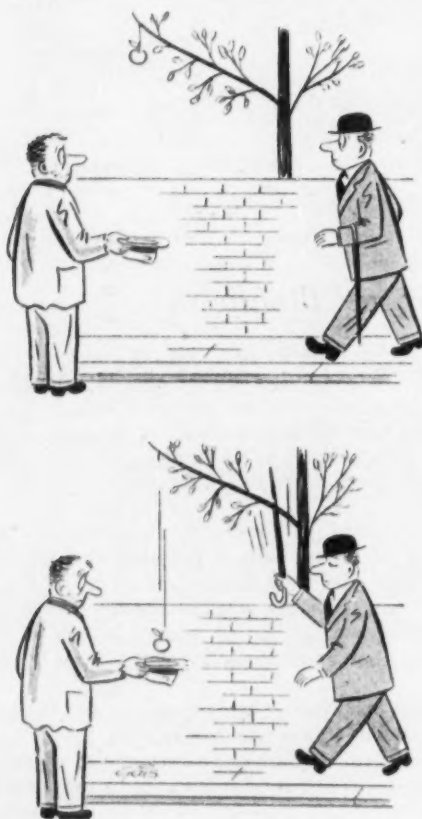
However, the months went by, and the years, and still there was no promotion for Colonel Waring. He grew discouraged.

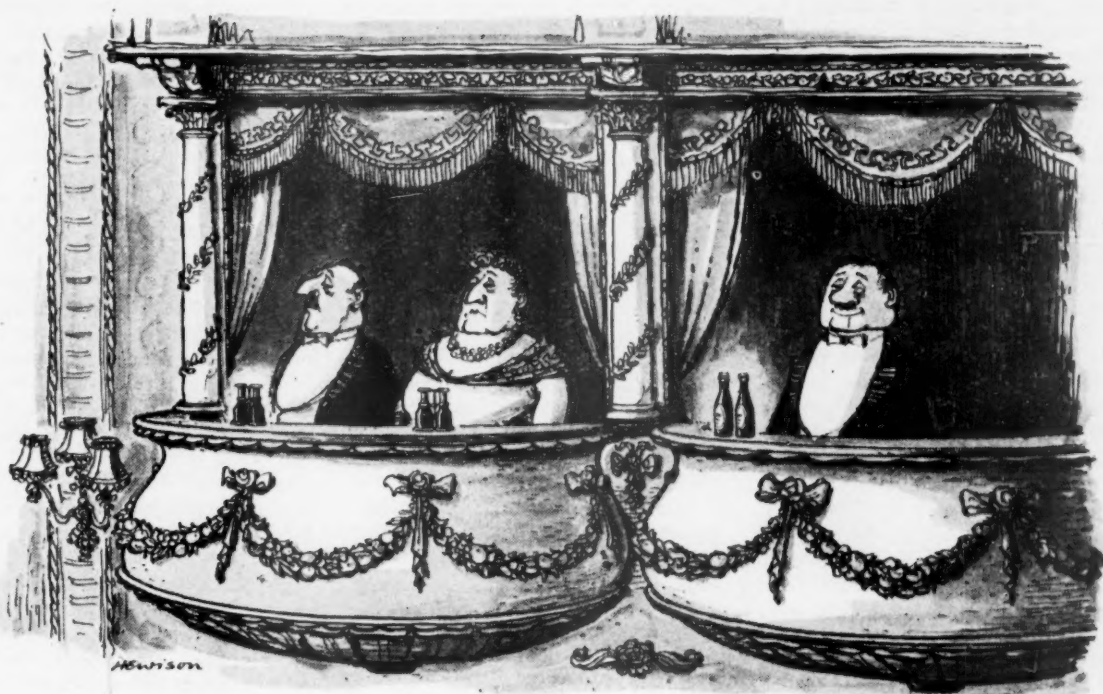
"It isn't no use, Em," he said to his wife. "I spent a lot of dough over this here caper, and I've not got no farther. This suit as I'm wearing cost me fifty quid, and that there Sir Oliver Richards knocks back double gins like as if they was water. Then there's my elocution. I done my best to get on, but I don't want to promote myself into the bankruptcy court."

He laid aside his dreams of fame, and gave up the elocution lessons, the new friends and the suits from Savile Row. As far as these were concerned the change seemed to him to make little or no difference, and he wrote to his new tailor, complimenting him on the fact. He might speak badly, he reflected as he did so, but at least his writing and spelling were first class.

"Sir Jacob Epstein, 'rebel' of the art world, will shortly be commissioned to make a life-size statue of Sir Winston Churchill. It will be cast in bronze, and will be placed in Parliament Square, a stone's throw from the House of Commons."—*Daily Mail*

No innuendo, please.





Reading

By HENRY GRON

ON an afternoon in June, the time being the present and the tense the past, John Doe, a novelist who like most of his generation wrote under the name of Green, entered a public library to see how many copies of his latest were stocked thereby.

Electric globes, already lit a foggy lemon, yet eclipsed that dimmer day closing down grey outside what windows were shut fast in turn on mist and rain without.

"For this is London, England, where is no summer" Mr Doe appeared to mutter, dialogue being, as he always had it, for use at once if not much sooner—by which he meant conversation, any voice enabled to talk, speak up out loud, the author.

Being alone he had no answer, then turned to sight the pimply junior librarian slumped graceless hard by those grained-wood drawers, card-indexes of fiction for borrowers' eyes to feast upon, as with a start of recognition the elder man's did now on the girl expostulating with that lout, Phæbe

Dickson by name, who, recently "out," had lately learned to read.

"Then do awake and lend a hand" the young female was pouting in a kind of moan. "I declare, you're just being aggravating, refusing to aid! So sucks," she echoed, the Phæbe, and frowned adorable. "But Green was the name and you can't tell me other. Yet how's a girl to find just one among so many, or to tell, feminine intuition aside, which of these wretched cards has reference to who?"

Whereupon Mr Doe could scarcely wait, but bustled in where she, the angel, feared to tread.

"There, there, mustn't take on, you know!" he ejaculated in a resonant voice. "Tell me the trouble, what ails you that is, and we'll soon set the matter at rest! By Green, then, is it?" He looked to be enchanted at the girl's sly murmur. "And who's this great author you're so eager to get that pretty little nose buried into, pray?" To which rillery the darling riposted with spirit.

"Just about the best novelist writing

we have to-day, that's all!" she told him, grand. Whence that librarian opened eyes to emit a chortle, oafish. "All nineteen of 'em I shouldn't wonder" was what he might have been understood to drily opine.

"Well Mummy and my confidante say so, and they ought to know!" the wench cried in a withering tone. "There's to be a—a—revival or something, I mean of interest in this author, and, oh, you must consider me an awful goose, having such a memory, or rather the lack of one, that I can't even call to mind which Green was intended!" she concluded contrite, with what sounded a sob of sweet self-pity.

"Then look, Phæbe, no offence meant" apologized the author, this Doe. "Or it should be Miss Dickson I'm aware, but a chap of my mature years has certain latitudes, or anyway he ought!" John completed, avuncular.

"Well, none taken," Miss Phæbe accepted. "And anyway you're not, well not old anyway, like you implied, hoping I'd contradict like your sweet

young ladies always do, or should I have expressed that last bit," she amended, when that librarian spoke up with a grin that might have been malicious, though with a half-wit none could tell.

"Why, it's Mr Green I mean Mr Doe" he speedily corrected and gave a hoarse guffaw, proletarian.

"Now that's enough!" Mr Doe told him. "A joke's a joke, but that'll do!" At which the oaf retired with a mumble behind his counter amid the books put by.

"Why should he call you Mr Green, Mr Doe, or I mean John" the Dickson demanded limpid. "Don't tell me you've taken to authorship, though that might be wonderful?" she added casual, glancing round.

"Got confused, made an error, I don't doubt" this man averred ruefully. "Why only imagine, Phæbe, just the other day the head waiter failed to recognize me in an expensive place I'm accustomed to lunch at, though what the world's coming to I couldn't like to tell!" he wound up with apparently real exasperation.

"And just when you had someone with you" that debutante demurely agreed, "some angelic child I expect, that had to be impressed as well as lunched, don't trouble to deny it now! And there's poor little Phæbe just aching to be asked to a real expensive meal but having to be content with a read of Mr. Green instead." On what, with a despairful whinny, she made off with the Doe panting hard behind.

"No now listen Phæbe! If what you claim is true, escorts with the where-withal being, it could happen, in short

supply; then if you happen to be free to-night I'd count it a privilege," he ended by muttering, confused by the brilliant smile of seeming delight she turned upon him.

"Oh, John I'd adore to! To-night? As never was?"

"The better the day, the better the deed!" was this writer's fervent response.

"And somewhere really posh? A night club I mean, after? Not that I want to rush you, but that'd be simply delish!"

"The poshest going!" John announced in ringing tones. "One must pay for one's pleasures nowadays, you know" he added into her hair that emanated a great niff of scent, at which the fellow almost swooned.

"Oh I'm aware!" was her winsome answering murmur, which may have sounded sad. "But my book!" she looked about wide-eyed. "I mustn't, whichever the outcome, not go home without my darling Mr Green's opus under my arm, or what would my confidante think then?"

"That'd never do indeed" John Doe nearly shouted, and gripped her arm forthwith. "Now let's see if I can be your guide. Not that I've much cognizance of Modern Lit, mind" he added deprecating, but despite this modesty was able to lead the deb right over to the requisite department—those rows of bindings stamped all with, it seemed, the same author's name, lit a misty yellow by these dependent moons above.

"H'm yes, a daunting sight! Yet all's not as black as might appear. They've different Christian names, and then there's a matter of spelling. With or without an E at the end, that seems the question, if I may so paraphrase the Gloomy Dane" Doe finished, and regarded the girl with what looked like lively anticipation.

"But how can one possibly" Miss D. burst out. "Though wait! It's coming back to me, something Mums said, about a major and diamonds and, Africa could it have been? Now tell me, is there a novel, by which I mean a work of fictional prose, by any Green or Greene that would contain those elements?"

"Could be" Mr Doe said drily. "Try this."

"Oh you are an angel, such a help"

the young woman gasped, puckering her lovely forehead over the pages. "But what heart can this, then, be the matter of?" she proclaimed. "No, there seems to be religion here, and I don't remember Mummy, so I fear Mr Greene with an E is not the answer," on which her senior breathed out loud as though relieved.

"Now these are spies" Phæbe went on, moving of her own sweet will along the shelf. "I'm sure my confidante would not, and here's a Frenchman, Julien, I could swear that wasn't it. Now look what fun!!" she pursued, and John appeared at this point in considerable suspense. "All these wizard one-word titles, *Loving* and *Nothing* and yes, *Doting*, whatever will such authors imagine next! Conversations too, just like a play and yet it's not, how clever!! But still they're not either what Mummy meant" she continued, not heeding the man's fierce expression. "And yet what's this!?! *The Major—Knight Errant*, by L. Patrick Greene! Yes, here's the one! A major and diamonds, and I do believe Africa!! There, I knew darling Mum could not be at fault" the Miss called triumphantly. "Greene with an E after all, why didn't you tell me right away?" she queried, then caught sight of Mr Doe's darkened face.

"Why what's the matter?" Phæbe exclaimed in concern. "Don't tell me it's all off! The dinner you know" she added with impatience, as the man seemed not to comprehend. "And our night club, and all the marvellously expensive champagne to drink in buckets after" she reminded him reproachful.

"Oh, of course" Mr Doe concurred. "Though I'm not sure about champagne. Even lager beer's pretty expensive in these haunts, if you take my meaning, and I'm told you can get quite gay on it" John wound up decisively, at which the Dickson's face appeared to fall.

And so together those two left that library, and lived unhappily never after.

J. MACLAREN-ROSS



ROY DAVIS

"Now if you like this new straight look we've got a fascinating design... It's terribly smart... In mink it will cost you £1,000 and you will look a million dollars. In stranded dark otter it will cost you £400 and you will also look a million dollars."

Advertisement in Daily Telegraph

Why all this fuss about convertibility?



How Keen Was My Valet *

By a Well-Known Duke

An extract from a forthcoming intimate biography



None of the Garden Party days, when I was trying to mend my old Navy braces with a piece of string—the elastic was still good, and there was no cause to run the Treasurer's Office into the expense of a new pair—I heard a crashing noise from the direction of my valet's room. Fearing that Tiggis might have suffered some mishap I at once hurried along the corridor (it was only when I noticed a footman making a hurried note on his cuff that I realized I was wearing nothing but my morning coat and a pair of short open-weave "trunks") and found Tiggis amid a litter of broken porcelain, fragments of which he was turning over sulkily with his foot. Although the perfect servant in every way he had something of a "temper" at times, and I guessed what had

happened. Something had displeased him and unthinkingly he had kicked the hand-basin from its supports.

"What about my trousers?" I said. I endeavoured to speak as amiably as possible, but I was due to receive well over a thousand guests in a quarter of an hour's time. He replied, "You needn't think I've forgotten them"—and he held up his handkerchief, with a knot tied in it. One of his idiosyncrasies was to use this odd method when he wished to remember something of especial importance. "But the wiring in this place is something chronic, and the iron has 'conked out'." I was relieved at this, as I had feared that it was the antiquated hot-water system that was giving trouble again, and Tiggis had more than once threatened to make the Comptroller have all the plumbing re-done. Luckily my uniform trousers were brushed and pressed—I had done them myself the previous day—and

I do not think any of the guests observed my departure from the conventional Garden Party attire!

The incident is worth recording if only to show that Arthur Tiggis was every bit as human as his superiors in rank. One day as he hung about outside the beige dining-room—Sir Winston Churchill had come to dinner, and Tiggis had expressed a desire to be introduced to him—I noticed that he was coughing and sneezing a good deal. Naturally I took the first opportunity to slip out and ask whether he was all right. He said hoarsely, "I shouldn't be surprised if I haven't got a snorting cold to-morrow." The next day, sure enough, he had a very bad cold and was obliged to retire to bed!

Some people have the idea that menservants of Tiggis's eminence are stiff and formal, and quite unable to unbend. This is just a popular fallacy of course. Sometimes when I knocked

*Palace Press, 15/-



"You never catch us singing carols before the Sixth!"



"This Court of Chivalry finds you are entitled to your armorial bearings. Case dismissed."

and entered the brushing room, to find Tiggis taking "forty winks" on the divan, he would converse with me quite informally from where he lay, calling me "*mon vieux*" (a French phrase, picked up when he was footman to a *Duc*, meaning "my old one") and chatting quite as if we were equals. One day when I went in he was before the mirror trying on my Garter, and his friendly grin said plainly "Well, you've caught me this time; what are you going to do about it?" I did nothing, of course.

No little gift or recognition of his services that I gave him ever went unacknowledged—even if he only popped his head round the bathroom door waving the silver cigarette-box (or whatever it was) and saying cheerily "Thanks a lot." Sometimes he would return a present to the silversmiths to have an engraving removed, or something of that kind, but he would never make any complaint to me, and the first

I knew about it would be when the bill came in. In every way he tried to give me as little trouble as possible, and he had an uncanny instinct for keeping out of my way when I was hurrying to get ready for some important engagement, sometimes leaving the building altogether in order to avoid being a nuisance. He had a shrewd sense of fun, and if I had only followed everyone else's example and jotted things down from day to day I could have made a book of his quaint sayings alone. As it is, only one stands out clearly in my memory, even to the date, June 2. I was getting ready for some biggish occasion, I recollect, and Tiggis, who had been absent for some hours, trying to form a branch of the Transport and General Workers Union among the footmen, pages, ladies-maids, etc., entered my room just as my toilet and costume were complete. He leaned against the door for a moment, grinning in his informal way. Then he opened

his mouth—a trick of his when about to speak—and said quietly "My, my, *aren't we smart!*"

On the day that he came and told me that he had been offered twice the money with a well-known Maharajah my first impulse was to talk him out of leaving me. It passed at once. I agreed. "I only want you to be happy," I said. He very decently undertook to stay until after the Staff Ball—he was no dancer, but a hearty champagne drinker—and after asking me for a few autographs, which he said, in his characteristic racy way, were selling like "hot cakes," he terminated my engagement. He was a man by whom it was a great privilege and rare experience to be served under.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

"MISSING WITNESS IN £1,100 SUIT"
Headline in evening paper

Hiding from his tailor probably.

The Party Spirit

By P. G. WODEHOUSE



ALTHOUGH a man of many sterling qualities and an asset to anything like a lunch with a couple of intimate friends, I am not much good on parties, and why people continue to invite me to them I do not know. I am not very attractive to look at, and I contribute little or nothing to the gaiety, if that is the right word. Somewhere in America there may be duller conversationalists than me, but it is pretty generally agreed that they would take a bit of finding. Cornered at one of these affairs by some dazzling creature who looks brightly at me, expecting a stream of good things from my lips, I am apt to talk guardedly about the weather, with the result that before long I am left on one leg in a secluded part of the room in the grip of that disagreeable feeling that nobody loves me. I am like the man who couldn't understand why he was shunned and thought he must have halitosis, only to discover that what kept people away from him was his unpleasant personality.

Trying to analyze the party-going Wodehouse, I am not sure that what is not wrong with me is not—are these

triple negatives all right? I never know about these things—the paper hats which are such a feature of all American parties. There is a certain type of man on whom a paper hat acts like that drug Aldous Huxley writes about, bringing out all the best in him, but its only effect on me is to remove the last few remaining vestiges of human intelligence. Without a paper hat I may look a total loss. With it I feel one. As a smiling hostess clamps the thing on my brows a sense of the underlying sadness of life sweeps over me. "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble," I say to myself. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," I say to myself, and of course this tends to prevent me being sparkling. It's my spectacles principally, I often think. You can't wear spectacles and a paper hat and retain any illusion that you are a king among men. If hostesses would only skip the red tape and allow me to go around bareheaded I might be a social success and hold everybody spellbound.

But I don't know. Even given every advantage I might still remain the soggy mass of ineffectiveness which repels one and all and has caused so many women, parting from me, to say

"Who *was* that frightful man?" I lack the light touch. I am not bright. And brightness is what you want at parties. Take the case of Henry Barton, whose saga was recorded recently in the New York press. Now there is a man whose technique strikes me as absolutely right. He has that indefinable gift of keeping a party from bogging down. As he often says in conversation with friends, "I may have my faults, but nobody can accuse me of being dull." An evening with Henry Barton is an evening fraught with interest.

Henry Barton is a Florida contractor, and is being sued for four hundred thousand dollars by a lady whom he encountered at a get-together in Bimini the other night. There was a misunderstanding, it appears, about the calypso band. Whether he wanted it to play one thing and she another, I do not know, but a sudden cloud fell on the party and it seemed to Henry that now was the time for all good men to come to the aid of it. This, he saw, was no moment for half measures. You or I might have tried to help things along with an epigram or a funny story, but Henry Barton knew that this would not suffice. He hit the lady over the head with a



bottle. This went well, and he hit another lady over the head with the bottle. Somebody then hit him over the head with a bottle, and he stepped across to the bar, got more bottles and "started throwing them in all directions." The party had taken a new lease of life.

It is possible that at this point you may be criticizing Henry Barton's methods for a certain monotony, but wait. The man was versatile, and this was not an end but a beginning. The hotel management now felt that he had livened things up sufficiently and ordered the band to intervene. The band advanced on him with knives, and Henry, a quick thinker, seized a fire extinguisher and sprayed them with acid. The last seen of him before the constabulary arrived, he had backed into a corner and was swinging an electric fan round his head by the cord.

One can see how this sort of thing must attract hostesses. "Don't let me forget that charming Mr. Barton," they say as they make out their invitation lists. "He always makes a party go so." And they write him a special little note telling him not to fail them and to be sure to bring his fire extinguisher. "Don't bother about bottles," they say. "There will be plenty of bottles."

Henry Barton's tactics, of course, as he would be the first to admit, were not original. He was remembering the old children's parties he used to attend when he was a tot, where, as at all children's parties, everything went, including gouging and biting. How clearly he recalled those happy, far-off binges. As if it were yesterday he could see little George beating little Mabel on her pink bow with a wheelbarrow to make her let go of the plush camel to which he had taken a fancy, while over yonder little Frank hammered the daylight out of little Alice, incensed because she had bitten him in the seat of his velvet knickerbockers.

"That's the stuff!" Henry Barton said to himself, and reached buoyantly for his bottle.

All honour to him that after all these years he remains at heart a little child.

"Little sweeps will be made legal."

Northern Daily Telegraph

So much for Charles Kingsley.



"Your hands adore this one."

Spec. Builders' Revival

Building Societies are refusing to finance houses of unorthodox design.

(Tune: "I'll take the leg from some old table . . .")

THE planners cried: "No Decoration—
except in South-Bank-Swedish style!
They frowned on Tudor elevation
and called half-timbered "semis" vile.
But when they saw what we had built them
our clients raised a yell:
"If you think you'll put us in Council Houses
you can darn well go—and tell
it to the Minister of Housing."

and so

We've put the lead back in the windows,
replaced the stained glass in the hall,
restuck half-timber on the gable
and Lincrusted up the wall.
We're all prepared to put the clock right back
to nineteen twenty-two
and if we can borrow a few more thousand
we'll soon have a home for you.

We've put the gnome back on the sun-dial,
re-grown the hedge round "Mon Repos,"
put back the name-plate on the garden gate
instead of "Number so-and-so."
We'll have to fill what's left of England
but by the time we're through
if you can borrow a mere two thousand
we'll have a *British Home* for you.

PETER CLARKE



Monday, October 25

The new ATTORNEY-GENERAL was in no position to ingratiate himself with

the House with the six oral answers he gave this afternoon. True, he told Mr.

ELWYN JONES that he was "giving close attention" to the question of extending the Legal Aid and Advice Act to the county court; but thereafter his answers were confined to "I have nothing to add to," "I regret that I am not in a position," and so on. At one point it actually seemed that when Sir WALDRON SMITHERS asked if he might congratulate him upon his appointment the learned Attorney answered bluntly "No"; but in fact the negative applied to another clause: or so the House assumed.

Sir WINSTON and Sir ANTHONY, that amiable pair of Garters, seemed to be swapping wisecracks on the Front Bench before the latter knight arose to make his statement on the nine-power



"I have been acting as a private detective all round the country."—Mrs. Jean Mann

agreement, but there was nothing frivolous about the statement when it came. The House received with deserved gratitude his claim that Western Unity had been "massively reinforced," but there is still a certain amount of restiveness about the sordid matter of how much the new régime is going to cost. Sir ANTHONY spoke blandly about fresh negotiations after the twelve-month interim period, and Mr. MACMILLAN, the Minister who, like Housman's young man, must "feel his pockets and wonder what's to pay," promised in a written answer that he would make a statement on Wednesday; but there were some dubious expressions about on the Opposition benches.

There should have been some dubious expressions on the Government benches a moment later when Mr. ANTHONY NUTTING told the House about his negotiations with Egypt; but most of Captain WATERHOUSE's "pressure group" kept tactfully out of sight; and Mr. NUTTING's only real embarrassment came from a question from Mr. ATTLEE. The Prime Minister, said Mr. ATTLEE, had always stressed the importance of having troops to safeguard the safety of the canal zone: what arrangements had now been made to satisfy him on that point? Mr. NUTTING said lamely that the troops had been there to protect the base and not the zone. This answer, not astonishingly, aroused a coarse laugh; but the new Minister of State does not smile easily, and did not smile then.

The debate was on the annual report of the National Coal Board. "Coal" overlaps on to such varied territories as atomic energy and natural gas; it was no doubt the latter product, to which Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD devoted much attention, that afforded him such buoyancy. In the ensuing discussion it was interesting to note how, on the



whole, Tories concentrated on business problems and Socialists on manpower and welfare. Mrs. MANN came out on a line of her own, as the champion of the consumer. She had, she said, been doing "private detective work" throughout the country during the recess, and though her manner was diffuse and lachrymose, the points she made about the quality and price of coal were most practical.

Tuesday, October 26

After Sir WALTER MONCKTON had made another "sitrep" on the dock-

strike, Mr. LENOX-BOYD rose

to give an account of his recent doings in Africa. He hit a note of optimism on the subject of the Mau Mau troubles that was all the more welcome for seeming rather unexpected in the light of recent news from Kenya; and paid a tribute to the work of his predecessor in establishing "multi-racial" government. Mr. GRIFFITHS was generally content with the statement; but mumblings of dissatisfaction came from other parts.

The Opposition was on the whole benevolent towards the Food and Drugs Bill, of which the committee stage followed. Mr. WILLEY opened the proceedings with a request that Mr. HEATHCOAT AMORY should let the House know when he was speaking as Minister of Food and when as Minister of Agriculture. "Unless otherwise indicated," said the Minister, "I shall be speaking this afternoon as the Minister of Food."

Wednesday, October 27

Lord LUCAS OF CHILWORTH, who in last week's debate on helicopters had flattered himself that "their Lordships' House was at its best" and then delivered himself of the speech of a provincial mayor at a Rotarian luncheon, maintained the same level in a motion requesting the Government to stop the noise of R.A.F. training at Abingdon. The Earl of MUNSTER announced certain concessions to meet these complaints, but Lord LUCAS was not to be bought off so easily, and the debate degenerated into an unmannerly duet, with the noble Earl on one side accusing Lord LUCAS of "canvassing for complaints" and Lord LUCAS accusing the noble Earl of losing his temper. On this occasion their Lordships were definitely not "at their best."

Mr. MACMILLAN was extraordinarily coy about telling the Commons how much extra the British forces on the Continent would cost after Germany had finished paying their expenses. A succession of Members from both sides asked with an increasing proportion of one-syllable words if he would give the House some idea of the amount; but Mr. MACMILLAN would not yield an inch. It wasn't so much a question of extra cost, he said, but of disturbing the balance of payments; and on the assumption that Germany would not go on paying for the occupation forces for ever, the amount was quite small. But the simple little sum, by how much will the cost of the occupation forces then exceed the cost of the occupation forces now—nothing could get him to answer that. No one could have called the House satisfied with the new Defence Minister's first performance.

The House then returned to its discussion of the Food and Drugs Bill, with its fascinating revelations of infected newspapers wrapped round fish, spitting in kitchens, and so forth.

Thursday, October 28

House of Commons:
Cyprus

Mr. LENNOX-BOYD ran into trouble with what seemed to be an innocuous enough statement on Cyprus. He was just observing that "the agitation by Church leaders and Communists must not be allowed to obscure the real achievements of British rule in Cyprus" when Mr. BEVAN rose to a point of order: the Minister, he complained, was not making an announcement of policy but pursuing an argument. The Speaker answered his objection by repeating the Minister's last sentence. "I am sorry," said Mr. LENNOX-BOYD cattily, "that the right hon. Member should find so distasteful a sentence regarding the honour of this country," and he spoke it again himself. From that moment he was engulfed in as pretty a charivari as was ever provoked by Lord CHANDOS in his place.

Actually, one would have said that the Minister's statement was, with its concession over the sedition laws, emollient rather than provocative; but presumably the fuss was simply a manner of agitating for a Cyprus debate, not a *bona fide* comment on what Mr. LENNOX-BOYD was saying. The Speaker thought that the debate on Middle East affairs already promised for next week should be a sufficient occasion; and with the gradual westward progress of the East (the "near East," if it exists at all, must by now be somewhere about Belgium) there was justice in what he said. After that a certain amount of time was happily expended in complaints that the Minister was taking up valuable time.



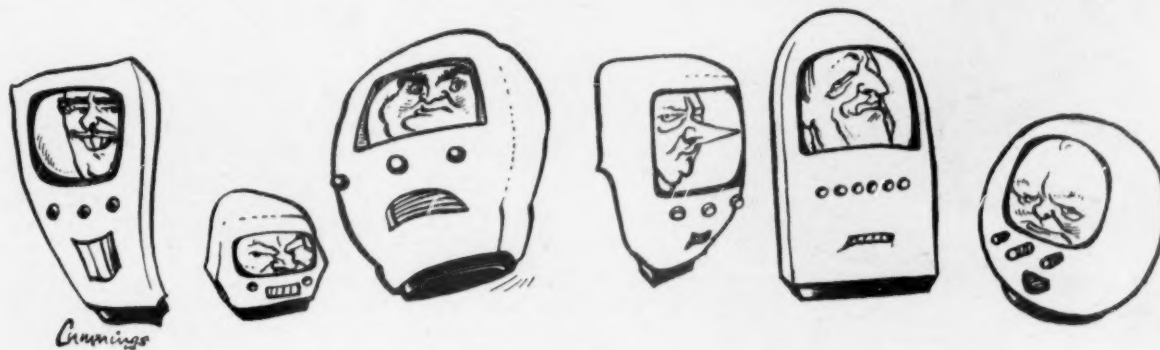
"Unless otherwise stated I shall be speaking as Minister of Food."—Mr. Heathcoat Amory, (Minister of Food and Agriculture)

Friday, October 29

The Second Reading of the National Gallery and Tate Gallery Bill attracted a small artistic

House of Commons:
At the Galleries

House. Mr. GEORGE STRAUSS probed delicately at the dark shadows that cloud the administration of the Tate, while Sir John Rothenstein in the Strangers' Gallery seemed equally embarrassed by tribute and allegation. The Government guardians of culture were Messrs. BEVINS and HENRY BROOKE. B. A. YOUNG





"We built it in a day."

At the Circus

Good-bye to Grock

SO Grock really has retired at last. I treat the news thus adverbially because, like many another star of his and kindred firmaments, he has done it more than once before; and because, for reasons I shall not go into, this time I believe it to be final. In any case, seventy-four is no unheard-of age for the retirement of anybody, let alone a clown whose physical agility is an essential factor in his clowning.

Thirty years have gone by since Grock made his last appearance here. Thirty years ago that timid, diffident figure edged his way for the last time on to the stage of the London Coliseum, there to be reproved for lateness by his partner—for it was always Grock and Partner, though the partner never had a name. Grock, in clown's clothing that was nothing if not traditional, and carrying that immense now legendary suitcase, was astonished as ever; astonished at being reproved, astonished at finding himself before an audience, and astonished and childishly delighted to find that the audience welcomed his company. Would he play to us? Of course, and out of the suitcase came that infinitesimal violin, on which he could and did play, as beautifully as he played every other instrument to which he turned his hand.

The piano he approached with little reverence, forgetting to take his gloves off, thumping when he should have caressed and vice versa, using the keyboard lid as a weapon with which to threaten his partner for interrupting him, and using it again as a slide down which to toboggan at the end, in yet another ecstasy of triumph.

We who watched him over here saw him in theatres only. On the Continent he appeared more often in the surroundings he loved, the circus. Once, when one of his earlier farewell seasons was announced, I dashed to Paris to see him again, and found him at the Cirque Medrano. Although he was playing there to an audience all round him, the stage turn I knew by heart was so skilfully adapted that it seemed the same in every detail. The only change I remember noticing was that instead of that gentle cooing laugh when the

solution to some profoundly simple mystery had dawned on him (as that it is easier to push a chair towards a grand piano than to push the piano towards the chair), he cooed as gently, "*Sans blague*." And I also remember that despite the difference in acoustics between stage and circus ring, he never seemed to raise his voice (no microphones for Grock), yet every syllable he uttered came through as clear as a bell.

And now, after making his last bow to the world from his own circus at Hamburg, he goes back, not as Grock but as Charles Adrien Wettach, to his native Switzerland. If Grock's turn, as I expect I have made only too clear, cannot be recaptured in print, it is comforting to know that it will not be lost altogether, for it occupied part of two films he made (more or less) about his life. They were not what critics call good cinema, but at least posterity can glean from them something of dear, joyous, wayward Grock. Good-bye to you, sweet simpleton; peace to your savings, which I hope are abundant.

MATTHEW NORGATE





BOOKING OFFICE

Fine Reading for Anyone

HOW easy it is to slump into sloppy reading habits. This dreadful truth has been brought home to me by coming upon one of the books that Mr. Carl Braun of California writes for his employees. *Two Hundred Good Books* is intended "to aid the engineer and leader in fitting himself to be middleman to the social sciences." The list of recommended books is roughly classified. "But bear in mind that no classification is accurate. A book on history may contain much on leadership."

Many of the books recommended are manuals of logic and composition, some by Mr. Braun himself, others by academic writers, but there is a good deal of space given to works of more strictly literary appeal. On many grounds, including variety, the Bible comes first. "This collection of writings, if considered as a whole, may stagger and discourage a prospective reader. But, look at them as sixty-six separate books, and the task appears relatively easy." The Bible contains much variety in its books. "Some are books of homely philosophy that anyone can understand—notably the Book of Matthew." Having mastered the Bible, leaders are recommended to try the Apocrypha, whose fourteen books "consist largely of precepts for peaceful living. Fine reading for anyone."

The next section is devoted to Philosophy. The work in the list that appeals to me most is Sir Joshua Reynolds' *Discourses on Art*, for, as Mr. Braun points out, "The treatment is along such broad lines that the word *Art* could be changed to *Engineering*, *Construction*, *Manufacturing*, *Accounting*, or almost anything else, without loss of effectiveness." G. Lowes Dickinson's *After Two Thousand Years* does not attract me quite so much, though it is commended with the words, "Everyone should have at least a speaking-acquaintance with the dialogue style." Mr. Braun rarely omits a word of praise for style, as opposed to content, and comments on *The Sense of Beauty* that Santayana's "style of writing is

rated as among the best for this class of subject."

From Philosophy we come to Reasoning, especially *Novum Organum* by Sir Francis Bacon, "A milestone in the history of straight thinking." Sections follow fast, on Psychology, Anthropology, Sociology, Leadership. *On Liberty* by John Stuart Mill is "A classic on leadership." Mr. Braun



points out that in this essay Mill was thinking of the government of a State. He adds, "Substitute the word *Company* for *State*, and the thing fits us to a tee." In *Religio Medici* "A physician prominent in his age sets down his ideas on getting along with others and on managing to lead a contented life. Written in 1643. Fine reading for anyone, especially for a leader."

I cannot list all the sections of this absorbing guide. Flicking past *The Prince*, *Principles of Engineering Economy*, Macaulay's *History of England*, *The Iliad* and *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, we reach *Alice in Wonderland—Through the Looking Glass*. "Alice in Wonderland and *Through the Looking Glass* were distinctly a side issue, done for Dodgson's young daughter. His keen insight into human conduct led him to enrich his entire text with a kindly satire on the ways of men." Not all the books quoted

will be known to many readers over here. A new friend is *One Hundred and One Famous Poems* compiled by Roy J. Cook. "This is a modern collection of down-to-earth poetry, all poetry that any of us can understand. No engineer or man of industry can afford to turn up his nose to the wealth of good sentiment and the strength of expression to be found in this little book. Furthermore the book embodies other interesting material. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Lincoln's Letter to Mrs. Bixby. The Ten Commandments. The Magna Charta. The Declaration of Independence."

The second half of the book gives a straight list without comments. This is rewarding but baffling. To quote a random selection of titles, *The Aeneid*, Ogden's *Basic English*, Ernest Thompson Seton's *Biography of a Grizzly*, *The Correspondence of Prince Talleyrand and Louis XVIII*, *Hippocrates*, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, *The Limerick Book*, *Naval Leadership*, *The Laws of Hammurabi*, Dalton's *Public Finance* and *Quintilian*. At the end is a short list of reference books. Of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* Mr. Braun observes: "Anyone who wishes to lift his eyes above the narrow horizon of his craft or profession will not be without a Bartlett."

I have omitted the many volumes dealing with subjects more nearly pressing on the engineer. As the total of all the books named is two hundred one can realize the care with which Mr. Braun had to make his selection. He says himself, "In every case the book listed has had my careful and thoughtful reading. It has often been read by other of our leaders." I wonder how many British employers take this much care to help their employees to widen their horizons. Paternalism has acquired a bad name in England and perhaps there are company chairmen who hang back from recommending *Aeschylus* or Fowler's *Modern English Usage* because they fear a rebuff—even, perhaps, industrial unrest. Far too many industrialists waste hours on the golf course that would be better spent on *Aucassin and Nicolette* or *Readings in Business Cycle Theory*. It is in the hope of persuading British leaders of industry to reveal the names of their own

favourite works and to comment upon them that I have taken the liberty of quoting so fully from Mr. Braun's pioneer work. It would be interesting to know the effect it has had upon output.

R. G. G. PRICE

Jeeves and the Feudal Spirit. P. G. Wodehouse. *Herbert Jenkins*, 9/6

Wodehouse has many unique properties, but one perhaps not remarked on before is that of enabling his publisher to speak nothing but the truth on the dust-jacket. We are told that "Jeeves and Bertie Wooster return to the Wodehouse scene at the very top of their form," and no one ever spoke a truer word. The plot is as complex and adroitly manipulated as ever, the figures of speech as outrageous, the literary allusions as wildly misapplied. Could anyone remain unmoved to read of the coshed constable who "dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath"? If so, roll on the H-bomb.

J. B. B.

Private's Progress. Alan Hackney. *Gollancz*, 10/6

Using the rapid flow of crisp, clipped scenes and even the stylized recurrence of minor characters with which Mr. Waugh in his early days rendered the lunacy of private schools, café society, journalism and the film industry, Mr. Hackney shows the wartime Army's resemblance to them. The hushed note with which in these days Mr. Waugh refers to the better Regiments is missing in this superficially irreverent, profoundly disquieted farce.

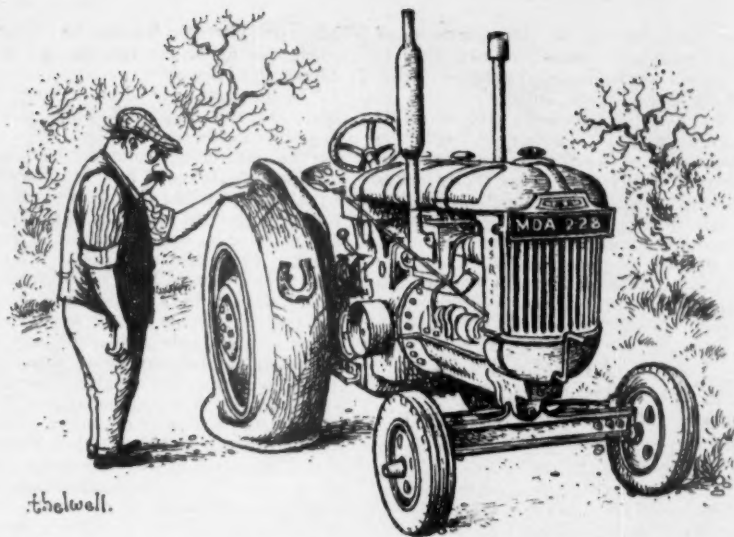
Mr. Hackney's wonderful ear for Cockney dialogue (*Punch* readers will remember "Snax at Jax") is always used to bring out the point of a character or a situation, never merely for a demonstration of expertise. The implicit criticism of the Army is, like other criticism of modern society in contemporary fiction, aimed not at cruelty or at any of the more solid evils but at moral and organizational confusion. Like the best farce, *Private's Progress* is grounded deeply in reality, but the reality is just out of sight. It is very funny indeed.

R. G. G. P.

The Faithful Ally. Eric Linklater. *Cape*, 10/6

Almost a dual-purpose novel; for many readers might enjoy it simply for its story of a Pacific Island principality and a native rising with horrible rites. We see the reactions and adventures of a small group of Europeans, of the Sultan, product of English public school and university, and of a few native policemen, cornered in a well-nigh inaccessible spot in the mountains, where Europeans arrive by air and other people by incredible climbing.

A good story, but infinitely more exciting if read as a comedy, richly coloured in characters and setting, its action chiefly the struggle between



the well.

Morland, Adviser to the Sultan and Commissioner for Tribal Territory, whose theme-song is "no violence," and the Sultan who, his rule emasculated by the Colonial Office, yet—ironical, controlled, not scrupulous for trifles—contrives to have the firm line taken and the rising suppressed. They form the apex of a pyramid of other characters whose hopes and fears are the platform on which they move. And the book is exquisitely written.

B. E. S.

The Feast of July. H. E. Bates. *Michael Joseph*, 10/6

This is a Victorian melodrama told in a tone of Georgian placidity, with the background of Midland river valleys and shoemaking townlets carefully described in Mr. Bates's individual style. Mr. Bates knows what he can do and does it with justifiably proud craftsmanship. Even his most violent plots move with a dignified sobriety. Though he is generally classed among the better disciples of Lawrence, he has some kinship with the rural, folk-landscape side of George Eliot.

A betrayed barmaid leaves her coastal pub and journeys inland to look for her seducer. A family of shoemakers takes her in and the three sons fall in love with her. An explosive situation is turned into an explosion by the reappearance of the seducer. In other words, the plot is the familiar nineteenth-century story of feminine courage and perseverance; but where the older novelists set it in a landscape described only by lumps of formal and meaningless description, Mr. Bates sets it in a scene he feels so sharply that the human passions pale into formality.

R. G. G. P.

The Easter Egg Hunt. Speed Lamkin. *Weidenfeld and Nicholson*, 12/6

The blurb tells us that the author has

been hailed in the United States as "the Scott Fitzgerald of the 'fifties'." It is true that Mr. Lamkin also writes about Hollywood, but any reader hoping to find in his novel the atmosphere and massive portraiture of *The Last Tycoon* will be disappointed. *The Easter Egg Hunt* tells, and tells very well, the story of a poor little peroxidized starlet forced by an ambitious mother into marriage with an old rich man. Mr. Lamkin does not attempt to give us a guide to latter-day Hollywood—and who wants another, anyway?—but he does report, coolly and without sentiment, the miseries of true love betrayed, the horrors of a distasteful enforced relationship proving, if anyone needs proof, that she who marries for money, earns it.

The "fabulous" parties, the fantastic household, the cruelties of gossip and the columnists, are no doubt a part of Hollywood, but here they seem related to nothing in particular. Carol, the unhappy starlet, is brilliantly drawn, but Laddie, the young German-American whom she loves and finally murders, never comes to life however hard the author works on him. The best part of the book is the beginning; after the first third it tends to repeat itself and seem too long. Cleverly compressed, it would make an excellent short story.

O. M.

The Ponder Heart. Eudora Welty. *Hamish Hamilton*, 10/6

If some of us have a gallery of Deep South characters implanted in our minds, Miss Welty is one of the authors responsible. The people in her new novel fit easily into this gallery without necessitating any readjustment in the overall picture. We sink into the familiar style describing this territory of exotic, three-word names, whose shrewd, intuitive inhabitants remake the world in their own image. But a shift in emphasis can occur: as in many Southern novels we

are overwhelmed by the revelation of nobility in the criminal or the idiot, so in others we are shocked by the revelation of the moron in the saint.

In *The Ponder Heart* this shock is unmitigated: by leaving us with the impression of her hero as no more than a retarded adolescent, Miss Welty makes us feel cheated and repelled by her whole world. Nonetheless, the book is rewarding for those interested in the art of writing: long passages have the subtle and admirable quality that only comes from the arduous perfection of a personal style.

S. B.

AT THE PLAY

Murder Will Speak!

(BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY)

RESIGNED though we must be to the Chinese genius for having discovered everything long before anybody else, it comes as a shock to learn that while in this country Cadwallon was still ravaging Northumbria, in Peking the science of criminal deduction was well advanced. Its pioneer, Judge Dee, a scholar and philosopher, became Minister of State under the Empress Wu, and was rewarded with a dukedom, which is more than we have done, even for Holmes. A number of Dee's most famous cases passed into folklore. One of them, about a bride and a snake, was near enough to "The Speckled Band" to suggest that Conan Doyle may have heard of it. They were collected in a detective novel by an anonymous author two or three hundred years ago, and from a recent translation of this book

MICHAEL HUTTON SQUIRE has taken a single case for an enterprising first play, *Murder Will Speak!*

"Elementary, my dear Hoong," is Mr. HUTTON SQUIRE's only serious departure from the Chinese. Dee had all the infuriating calmness and perception of Holmes, but his methods went beyond Baker Street in the habit, during occasional moments of doubt, of calling on departed spirits for a cross-check. From the dramatist's point of view nothing could have been happier.

In *Murder Will Speak!* the Judge has just arrived in a new district. A shopkeeper's death a year earlier had passed as natural; not so to Dee. He finds the man's little daughter has since grown dumb, and that his widow lives in the same house as a student, whose room is decently sealed off. Here Holmes would have suspected trap-doors, and so of course does Dee. He raids the house in the middle of the night, and with the help of the victim's agonized death-mask terrifies the student into admitting he has been the lady's lover. Arrested, and brought into court, she denies everything; then Dee employs a stratagem from which I feel Holmes would have shrunk as scarcely M.C.C. He sentences the lady to death; and, knocked out by a short-term drug, she recovers to find herself confronted by three appalling figures in grotesque masks. This is a fine scene. Naturally she imagines she has died and been called before the Nether Tribunal, an assumption confirmed by the appearance of her husband's ghost, in no conciliatory mood. Without difficulty

Dee gets a full confession, down to the drug which has prevented the child from blowing the gaff. But even then we are not quite at the end, for the constable who was supposed to have played the ghost is found dead, leaving us to wonder about its identity—rather as Priestley left us wondering in *An Inspector Calls*.

Although very leisurely and a little thin, the play is civilized, charming, and oddly dramatic, especially towards the end. The characters are drawn distinctly. It doesn't matter that we know pretty well what is coming; both in the writing and in DOUGLAS SEALE's delightful production there are so many nice touches—like the shrimping net extended by the scribe for fines, and the incompetence of the two constables, ex-actors whose tongues have been removed for cruelty to language—that the time passes easily. The flavour of China is authentic, from the wiffy music to the elaborate courtesy governing even the exhibition of the tools of torture (and how horribly Judge Dee can roll that word out!) Instead of the portable bits and pieces one associates with *Lady Precious Stream* PAUL SHELVEING has designed two beautiful sets. His masks are splendid.

In pigtails, death-masks, and pagoda hats the Birmingham Rep. loses none of its acknowledged confidence. JACK MAY brings an imposing voice and presence to the Judge. RICHARD PASCO and NANCIE JACKSON are touching as the student and the murderess (a sympathetic character, obviously bored to hysterics by her husband); and ALAN EDWARDS and WILLIAM AVENELL are amusing as the Sergeant and the village undertaker. All that the production lacked was birds' nest soup in the interval.

Recommended

Hedda Gabler (Lyric, Hammersmith), Peggy Ashcroft in a fine production. *Love's Labour's Lost* (Old Vic), light Shakespeare. And *Both Ends Meet* (Apollo), a pleasing frivol about the Inland Revenue.

ERIC KEOWN



[*Murder Will Speak!*

Mr. Hsu—MR. RICHARD PASCO

Sergeant Hoong—MR. ALAN EDWARDS

Judge Dee—MR. JACK MAY

AT THE PICTURES

Bread, Love and Dreams
Windfall in Athens

THE idea behind the Italian Film Festival in London last week was, of course, to make a concentrated effort to introduce Italian films to the British public. All the more regrettable, then, that one of them otherwise popularly attractive, *Pane, Amore e Fantasia*, or *Bread, Love and Dreams* (Director: LUIGI COMENCINI), which has now started a run at the Curzon, should exemplify very noticeably one of the things that help to keep the average filmgoer away from foreign-language films.

Chiefly because (so many people say) he is none too good at reading, the

average filmgoer hates to be called upon to read. Even the minimum of super-imposed titles in an average foreign-language film he finds intimidatingly irksome; and in this one there are really far too many. It is full of rapid give-and-take dialogues that an audience ignorant of Italian could quite well take pleasure in if the general idea were given by translating only one or two of the speeches here and there; but no, quite often they seem to be translating every lightning word in every exchange, and most people will find the lines of print flashing on and off far too quickly for comfort.

All the same, the picture gives a delightful impression, whether you grasp all the details of the dialogue or not. It is about a mountain village and the arrival of a new Maresciallo of Carabinieri who is a bachelor, and in consequence is given many warnings about the way the villagers will gossip and the temptations he will face. . . or, as the Synopsis endearingly puts it, is told "to beware of his behaviour."

One temptation he faces is that of a lively village girl known as the Bersagliera (GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA). She is far more interested in one of his men, who is too shy and conscientious to reveal his own feelings; and the quartet is completed by the village midwife, a gentle young woman with a guilty secret.

This quite simple story is done with an attractiveness it is hard to convey. Every moment is good: the scenery, the sunlight, the small incidents of village life, the characters, above all the constant feeling of vitality and lightheartedness combine to make the whole a most pleasurable experience. The film is characteristically Italian and as good as a holiday.

Windfall in Athens (Director: MICHAEL YANNIS)—there would perhaps be not very much point in giving the Greek title, even if it were announced—is a pleasant, not particularly striking little picture on the old and popular theme of the lost lottery ticket. A good many more of its effects are old and popular, not to say corny: including the opening, scene-setting shots of Sunday in Athens, with their heavily ironic commentary nursing a number of confidently-expected laughs. (It may be that this is the more noticeable because most of us, again, have to grasp the point as we read the subtitles.) Nevertheless it has plenty of charm and the publicity's assertion that it "marks the appearance of the Greek cinema on the international horizon" is quite justified.

Another simple romantic story: shop-girl loses lottery ticket, young man acquires it in good faith, it wins. The third principal character is a friendly, personable solicitor who tries to help her in a legal fight for her prize; but of course the happy ending comes in the expected way without any legal assistance. The picture is well acted and pleasing in



[Bread, Love and Dreams

The Bersagliera—GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA

The Maresciallo—VITTORIO DE SICA

Stelluti—ROBERTO RISSO

detail, and its use of music is often notably ingenious.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: the powerfully exciting, very well done *Riot in Cell Block 11* (27/10/54); CHAPLIN's *Modern Times*; HITCHCOCK's *Rear Window* (20/10/54); and Cinerama (verb. sap.).

Two good ones among the releases: *On the Waterfront* (22/9/54), and the more conventional but still gripping *The High and the Mighty* (15/9/54).

RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE OPERA

The Tales of Hoffmann
(COVENT GARDEN)

WHAT I remembered erroneously from odd performances long ago as a compound of musical plush and tuppence-coloured stage business turned out to be well worth revival. Even as simplified and telescoped by libretto writers and successive editors, E. T. A. Hoffmann's world is chillingly concrete and macabre.

There were several things amiss on the first night. At the end of the Venice scene the off-stage chorus sang the Barcarolle in ragged canon, half a bar behind the orchestra. Some of the people on-stage, with the baton under their noses, did little better at times, keeping off the beat as insouciantly as swing soloists. We must not be hard on young Mr. EDWARD DOWNES, brought in at a day's notice as substitute conductor for M. INGELBRECHT, of Paris, who was

posted sick. It must be said, however, that Mr. DOWNES knew the text well enough to wring the last decibel out of Offenbach's more buxom scoring. During their mirror duet, ELEANOR HOUSTON (Giulietta) and JULIUS PATZAK (the poet) clung together in the genial gale of sound like orphans of the storm. Mr. PATZAK sang chalkily, even precariously here and there, and his spoken English was a degree more painful than most we hear at this supposedly national theatre.

Yet the evening's irritants did not take the edge off illusion. MATTIWILDA DONNS, with her fixed smile, pink cheek blobs and brilliant *fioriture*, really was a porcelain doll that could sing and run down and be wound up again. When chairs began to slide about of their own accord in the Munich scene, I knew with unqualified certainty that Dr. Miracle had come posting for Antonia's undoing from hell.

Dr. Miracle is one of four incarnations assumed by Hoffmann's evil genius. HERMANN ÜHDE, his baritone uncommonly sepulchral for the occasion, acted all four rôles with nightmarish intensity. Intrusive aspirates came tumbling out of him like water from a stone jar. As old Coppélius peddling his magic spectacles, he sang of lenses which spa-hg-harkle like fi-hireli-hight. But he terrified us none the less. He was much helped, it must be allowed, by GÜNTHER RENNERT's production and the eerie verve of WAKHEVITCH's sets—especially the Munich drawing-room, which has a skeletal piano and fiddle, a mermaid candelabra and a spidery spiral stair in black and gilt.

CHARLES REID



ON THE AIR

"Their's Nowt Like It!"

IT happens most Sundays: I light a cigarette, inhale deeply and blow smoke right into the faces of the screened players. It is an involuntary gesture, an instinctive move to dull the pangs of hunger that assail me whenever I am compelled to witness the consumption of a meal on television. In *The Cure for Love* good old Lancashire 'ot-pot were on table for nigh on twenty minutes. First we saw Sarah Hardacre, her son and that southern wench, Milly, 'avin' a rare owd do; then it were Harry Lancaster and Sarah a-spoonin' it up.

And, of course, not one of them managed a decent mouthful. They never do. Producers, designers and dressers take infinite care to present viewers with a picture of complete realism, of stark actuality, and then the whole effect is ruined (for me) by the inadequacy of the actors' appetite for hot-pot. Jack (Wilfred Pickles) sniffs the delicious aroma as soon as he returns from the wars to his mother's kitchen, and salivating copiously he sits down to tackle his first hot-pot for three years. The viewers are with him to a man. Then his mother ladles three miserable teaspoons of watery fluid from a cold casserole and Jack attacks his plate like the trencherman he is. And, oh, what a smacking of lips there is as he toys with this wretched morsel, these bird-droppings! Ee, muther, it's reight champion. Ah, it is an' all! Jack leans back, wipes his lips and suggests a vast eructation of satisfaction; and I light my cigarette.

Now I stress the idiocy of these televised meals because the producers are



[The Cure for Love

Sarah Hardacre (Beatrice Varley) Jack Hardacre (Wilfred Pickles)
Harry Lancaster (Charles Victor)

otherwise entirely sensible in their handling of difficult passages of domestic realism. In the pub scene, for example, we saw the darts leave the player's fingers, but we did not see them arrive at the board (or wall). It was enough to hear the spectators' murmur of approval to know that Jack had triumphed with a double-seven: and similarly it would have been enough to hear Jack smacking his lips in anticipation of the hot-pot instead of making a pantomime of gastronomic verisimilitude.

Not that this play has much either to gain or lose by exertions on the studio floor: Walter Greenwood's writing sets the pace and the shenanigans, determines the ration of sentiment and the general atmosphere of buffoonery. *The Cure for Love* is broad farce, a strange and unconvincing hangover from the dole-and-dialect plays of the hungry 'thirties. It makes few demands on the actors, all of whom have clear-cut, caricatured parts and lines with lots of homely fun.

Wilfred Pickles was as usual the life and soul of the party, and Beatrice Varley (Sarah), Charles Victor (the martinettish publican), and Joan White (Janey) gave him admirable support.

If only they had called in Philip Harben to prepare a real Lancashire 'ot-pot, with real steam and respectable portions all round!

This week we are offered the second of the new series of fortnightly "topical magazine" programmes, "Panorama," and I am hoping that Messrs. Furness and Barsley who direct and edit the show will manage something better than their first edition. In the hands of Andrew Miller-Jones this programme improved greatly and became one of the few TV

spots where one could expect to find intelligent people and conversation about things that matter; but Miller-Jones is taking a well-earned rest, and his successor has so far revealed an alarming tendency to tolerate panoramic trash.

The first programme kicked off with cartoons and rhymes that would not have been countenanced by the editor of a junior school magazine, the pages of the scrapbook were turned with little of the old smoothness, and Max Robertson—a personable compère—was given some revoltingly fatuous and facetious lines.

So far the doings of the M.C.C. in Australia have been largely ignored by Lime Grove. A few minutes of "News and Newsreel," a close-up of Compton's knee, and the promise of late-night summaries from one of the few informed commentators left in Britain—and that is all. Is it too late for the B.B.C. to send out a cameraman or a gunboat or something, and so charm away the winter of our discontent?

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOUGLAS.

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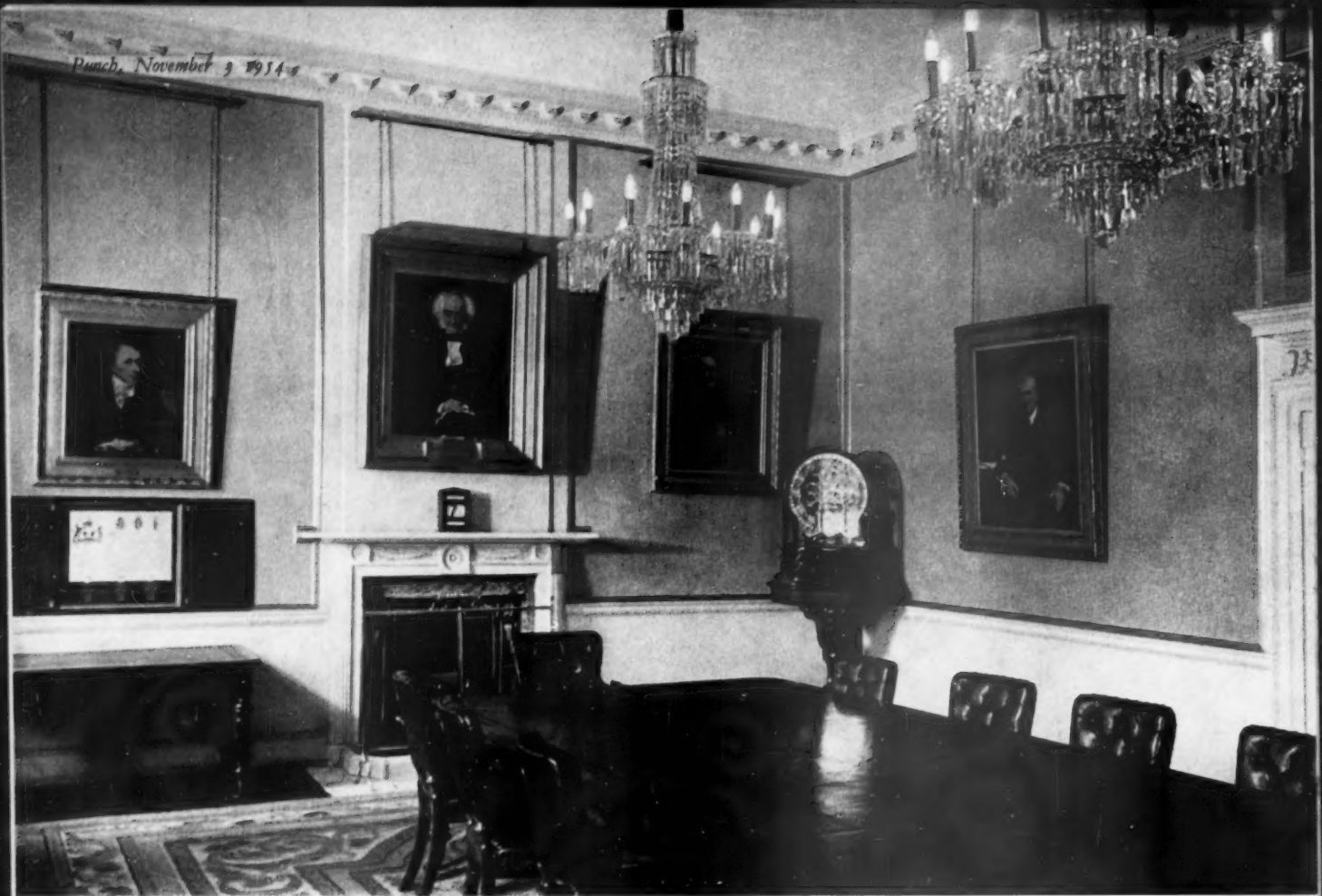


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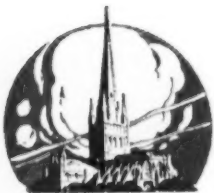


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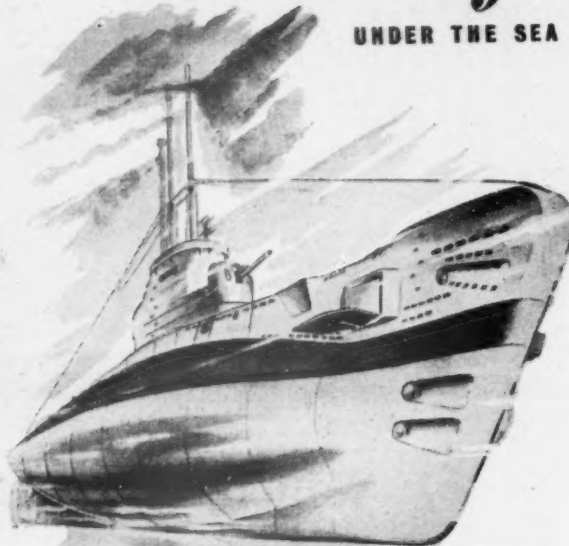
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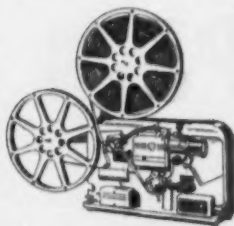
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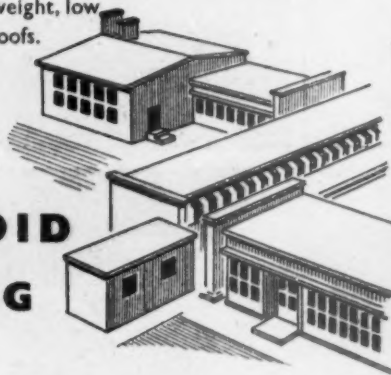
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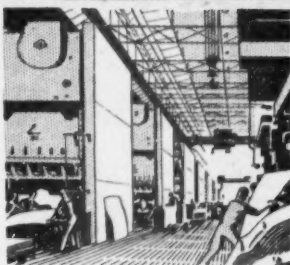
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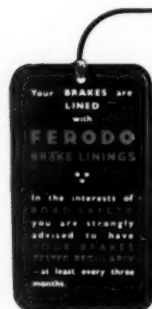
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